

1899.

VOL. III



AGNES SCOTT INSTITUTE



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'99

Agnes Scott Institute



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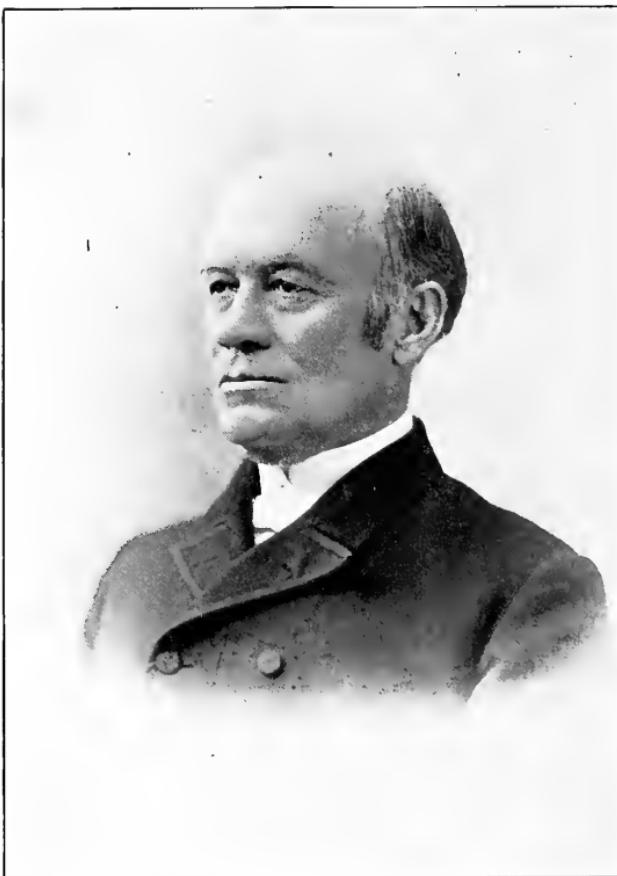
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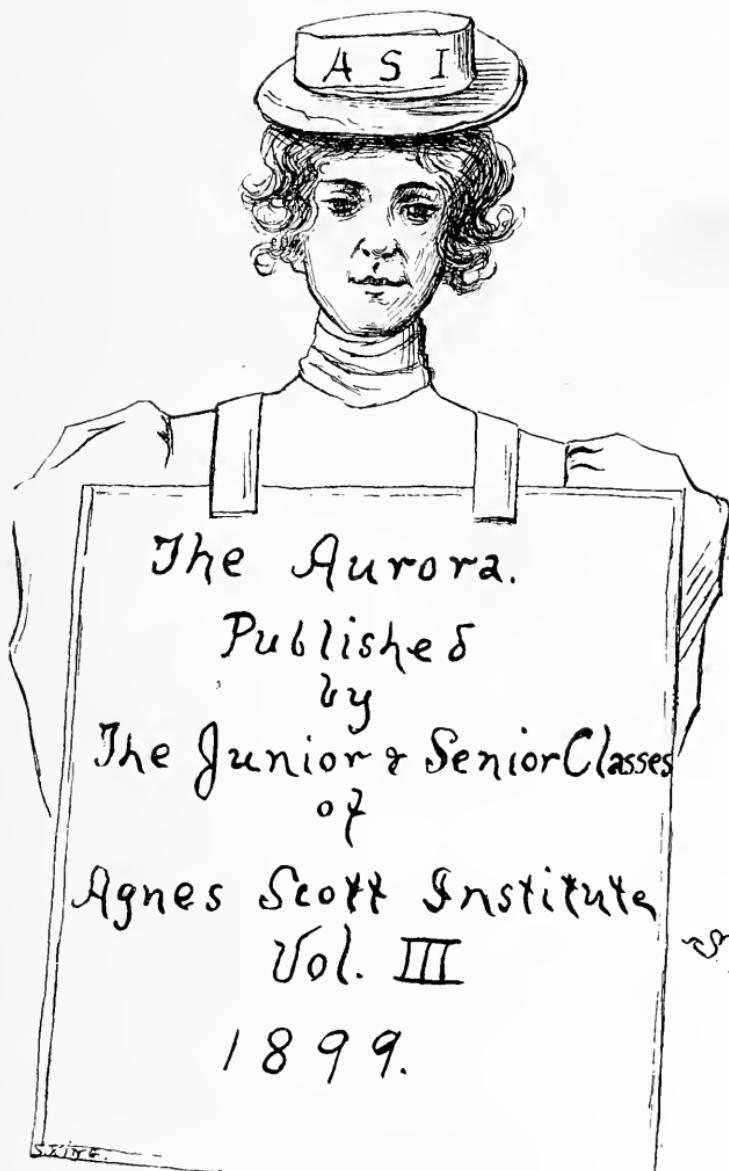
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REV. EDWARD HAMMETT BARNETT, D.D.





TO
THE MEMORY OF
REVEREND EDWARD HAMMETT BARNETT, D. D.,
ALL THAT MAY BE WORTHY IN THIS BOOK
IS FONDLY DEDICATED.

65886



Editor's Preface

IN OFFERING to the public a new AURORA our aim is not to make it merely a catalogue, but rather a record of the things said and done by the students. That the book has been appreciated by the students and their friends is evinced by the earnest support given it, and by its improved appearance from year to year.

In compiling this book we have tried to do our best, and though we can not expect to please everybody in *all* things, we feel that the reader will be pleased; and we hope that, if you criticise, you will be lenient with us, remembering that our class put us forward. Without the able assistance of Miss Buck this volume could hardly have been published, and the Editors can never thank her enough for the services she has rendered them, nor sufficiently express their indebtedness to her.

And now, our work being done, we lay aside our labors with regret that they are done, with joy that they are well done; and in after years we will look back on this period of labor as one of the happiest of our course, if we have made our readers glad that the '99 AURORA was issued.

Calendar. 1898-'99.



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MR. W. D. GILMORE, Bookkeeper and Secretary.

*Left on account of illness. Her place filled by Prof. Theodore Saul.

The English Department

VEN the superficial student seems to realize the necessity of some training in English if she is to move in the better circles of society. As a consequence the English classes are always full. In the English Department at Agnes Scott such training is given as enables the student to talk intelligently on the oft-recurring literary topics of the day. In the Freshman year is begun a systematic study of the best English literature. The principles of Rhetoric, discussed and illustrated in written exercises, form a part of the first year's work. That this necessary frame-work may not become monotonous, it alternates with a study of those two authors who never fail to appeal to young students—Irving and Scott; and later is begun a careful study of the life and works of Keats and of Tennyson; nor is our own sweet Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, forgotten, a collection of his poems, edited with an appreciative introduction and notes by Morgan Calloway, forming an attractive part of the Freshman's work.

In the Sophomore year the study of Rhetoric is continued and completed, special attention being directed to paragraph structure. The literary work of this year carries the student back to the springtime of English Literature, to the age of Chaucer through the period made brilliant by Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare to the Puritan poet, Milton. A study of the men and women drawn by the world's greatest character painter, and a discussion of the solution by this master mind of world problems, form not the least inspiring and instructive part of the second year's work.

The Junior year is devoted entirely to the study of the best English prose, selections from Addison, Burke, De Quincy, Coleridge, Newman and Matthew Arnold being studied with special reference to style. As the study of each of these stylists is completed, an essay discussing the style of the author is required. If there be such a thing as conscious or unconscious influence from contact with great minds manifested in their works, surely the Junior literary student can not escape it. An instructive study from Arnold's Essays on Criticism occupies the last month of the Junior year. A knowledge of real criticism, what it should be, its spirit, and what it requires to be a true critic, is useful and necessary to all, but especially to the college student who, as connected with college journalism, is too often ready to "hurl philippics" at unoffending exchanges without discrimination.

Think you that the A. S. I. literary student degenerates into a book-worm, into a something resembling a pedant, from contact with the lore of these musty(?) old authors? Abandon the thought. Our knowledge is not simply stored, it is vitalized. Every effort is made to stimulate thought by means of such illustrious examples. Nor is the student kept entirely in the past. A monthly discussion of current literary news, an exchange of ideas about the best of the new books, and monthly essays on questions of the day, keep us in touch with the outside world. By means of these essays the student is made familiar with and initiated into the intricacies of the various styles of writing. Especially are the wits sharpened and the reasoning powers developed by frequent debates upon questions suggested by our studies.

The last year's work is just what it should be—the finishing touch, a comprehensive view of the whole. A note-book on English Literature used as a guide, sending the student as it does to the best reference books on this subject, begins with the dawn of this great literature and carries us through the intervening ages to the Victorian epoch. The literature of each era is connected with its history, and the *characteristics* of each period are brought into such prominence that *definite* ideas of each period are formed; and having mastered the important things, they can easily be built into one compact whole. Special studies on the development of the English Drama and on the Romantic Movement in poetry give a fuller knowledge of two important epochs in English Literature.

Besides this systematic study of the history of English Literature, the Senior year offers two elective subjects that prove not only interesting, but valuable. A study of Anglo-Saxon, in which a grammar of the language is supplemented with translations from Calderson and other old English writers, offers opportunities invaluable to a thorough student of English. The other subject consists of a full study of poetry, its forms, characteristics, but chiefly its philosophy. This class meets twice a week and is called the "Browning," selections from the poetry of Browning forming a conspicuous part of the poetical selections that serve as illustrative studies.

Plainly, a course like this, taught as it is, with a view not to cramming the mind with facts, but to furnish it materials out of which it may build something of its own, is a powerful stimulus to thought. That we may learn how a book should be read and develop a taste for good reading, for each year is arranged a pleasant course of reading consisting of works of fiction, biographies and the essays of the best writers. Having thus caught a glimpse of the attractive fields of literature, it is the object to inspire the student to use it as a sure foundation upon which to build a more beautiful superstructure.

But life is uncertain; there are examinations (and they *sometimes* end disastrously) that stand like a barrier between the student and the world for which

she is preparing. Are we to wait until we take part in its affairs to use our ideas? No, we use them as best we can to bring ourselves into prominence in the college world through our publications, of which we have two—a monthly magazine and an *annual*, which it may be well to state, as it is not *universally* known, appears once a *year*. Our magazine, the *Mnemosynean*, was so named because founded by the Mnemosynean Literary Society, the first that existed at Agnes Scott. Now, however, though it retains its original name, it is no longer controlled exclusively by the M. L. S., but is the product of the combined efforts of the collegiate students from among whom the editorial staff is chosen. The editors are usually six in number and are commonly members of the Junior and Senior classes, though this is by no means an invariable rule. Those students not directly connected with the paper manifest their interest by frequent contributions.

Editorial, Local, Exchange, Alumnae and Literary departments all find a place in the *Mnemosynean*, and while we realize and have been made to realize that a little more poetry would make its pages more attractive, we note as an encouraging sign that the occasional poetic inspirations of last year did not take flight with those maidens, favored of the muse, who are with us no longer, but have tarried and become an epidemic which none but the most prosaic have escaped. Unlike most such dreadful things, it has produced *some* good results by which our magazine has profited. Through our exchanges we are enabled to keep in touch with the college world and to profit by the stimulus which never fails to come from success achieved in a kindred enterprise. Among our esteemed exchanges are the *Georgian*, *Hampden Sidney Magazine*, *Tennessee University Magazine*, *Mount Holyoke*, *Emory Phoenix*, *University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Reveille*, *Tar Heel*, *Crimson and White*, as well as others too numerous to mention.

But the literary excitement of the year to an A. S. I. girl is the *AURORA*. From January until April every magazine is ransacked for suitable subjects for pen sketches, the covers and advertisement pages sometimes disappearing in the most mysterious manner; every bright idea, each original conception is saved for the annual. And woe unto the careless student who doesn't set a seal upon her lips! part of the annual's fun will surely be at her expense. But this is as it should be. What is an annual good for if it does not give a definite idea of our school life as it really is—a peep behind the scenes?

The editorial staff of the *AURORA* is selected from the Junior and Senior classes, four from the Senior and three from the Junior. Its object is to reflect school life at Agnes Scott. To accomplish this we call to our aid the photographer's art, pictures of the classes and the various clubs contributing largely to the interest of the annual. Though only in the third year of its existence, the *AURORA* is self-sustaining, thanks to the energetic work of the business managers. Heretofore, this financial success has, as one member of the Faculty has kindly

expressed it, "enabled the young ladies of the editorial staffs of the *Mnemosynean* and *AURORA* to come as benefactors to their Alma Mater, and year by year to give her some enduring gifts, which shall remain in her halls as memorials of their success." With such appreciation, and with the kindly aid and advice offered by the Faculty, why may we not make our annual better and better from year to year?

Memories of the Literary Department will always be pleasant ones to us A. S. I. girls. It is only with pleasure and gratitude that we can remember that four years' English course, with its perfect freedom from routine work, and under the direction of one whose enthusiasm makes her an inspiration to her pupils; and in saying that in future work her guiding hand will be sadly missed, we feel that we give voice to the sentiments of the whole class of '99.



In Memoriam

Died

in

Atlanta, Georgia, September 20th, 1898

Reverend Edward Hammett Barnett, D.D.

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

of

Atlanta

and a Member of the Board of Trustees

of

Agnes Scott Institute



OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. BUILT 1825.

History of the Decatur Presbyterian Church

THE Decatur Presbyterian Church is the oldest organization of the kind in northern Georgia, and is the mother church of many of the neighboring congregations. From it have gone out the First Church of Atlanta, the churches at Rock Spring, Acworth, Marietta, Midway, Stone Mountain, Lithonia and Kirkwood. The church was organized under the name of Westminster Church, October 29th, 1825, by Rev. John S. Wilson, D.D. Dr. Wilson was the first pastor of the church and held that position fifteen years, his place being supplied at intervals by the Reverend Alexander Kirkpatrick. At the time of the organization there were eight constituting members: Wm. and Mary Bryce; James and Mary Lemon, great-grandparents of Grace Baxter, a former student at Agnes Scott; Wm. Carson and his wife, Jane; Thomas Harris and Rebekah Luckie. On Sunday, October 30th, 1825, three elders were chosen by ballot and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. This was the first communion service in Decatur. At this service tables were used, and before the members might receive the sacrament they were required to secure from the elders "tokens," small pieces of lead one inch square and one-fifth inch thick, as a sign of their membership and good standing. Dr. Thomas was the first presentor of these tokens.

The first services of the newly organized church were held in a small frame building erected where the cemetery now is. Shortly after its organization the name of the church was changed to the Decatur Presbyterian Church. In 1826 the Presbytery of Hopewell held its fall session in Decatur, the assembly gathering in the academy arbor near where the people met for worship. During this meeting was held the first revival in Decatur, conducted by Dr. J. C. Styles, the evangelist. Till 1830 there was no regular church building, services being held in the male academy, and it was in this academy that the great revival under Dr. Styles was carried on. Other noted ministers who conducted revivals during the early history of the church were Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Talmage, President of Oglethorpe University, Dr. J. T. Leftwich, and Dr. Moses Waddell, President of Franklin College. In 1827 there was an incorporation of trustees, and in the same year James D.

Shumate and his wife, Amelia, became members of the church, the first members received on examination as to their religious experience.

Rev. Alexander Kirkpatrick, an Irishman educated in Scotland, served as the first "stated supply." He built the first manse, which is still standing and is now known as the old McAllister place, served as pastor's supply, and taught school in the academy.

In 1830 a portion of land was set apart for the purpose, and the first house of worship built by the church was erected on the present site of the old church. This structure was a frame building 40x60 feet. In 1846 it was torn down and the lumber carried to Marthasville, now the city of Atlanta, to be used for the erection of store-houses. In the place of this the brick church now standing was built by the architects, Daniel Killian and B. D. Shumate, at a total cost of \$2,200.

In 1858 Dr. Wilson left Decatur and became pastor of the First Church of Atlanta. From that year till 1867 there was no regular pastor, but the pulpit was supplied from time to time by Dr. James Patterson, Dr. John L. Rogers, Reverend Thomas E. Smith, the first minister after the war, father of Bessie Smith, one of the students at Agnes Scott in the present year, Jas. L. Kirkpatrick, Dr. De Witt Burkhead, a noted divine from South Carolina, and Rev. M. D. Wood (1871). From 1872 to 1887 Dr. Donald Frazier was pastor of the church.

Among the ministers sent out from the church are Rev. A. G. Johnson, T. F. Montgomery, P. P. Winn, E. K. Winn, of Petersburg, Va., W. W. Brimm, of Atlanta, Chalmers Frazier, son of Dr. Donald Frazier, D. J. Brimm, of Columbia Theological Seminary. He was the son of W. W. Brimm, was named for an elder of the church, Daniel Johnson, and was educated by the church.

The Sunday School of this church was organized June 19th, 1831, with James Lemon as the first superintendent. He held that position till 1839, when Levi Willard, an elder of the church, was elected and remained superintendent till 1864. While the Federal army occupied the country in 1864 and till the close of the war there was no regular superintendent. In 1865 Benjamin T. Hunter was elected third superintendent, and was succeeded in 1867 by Wm. C. Moore, who retained the position till his removal from Decatur. He was followed by Milton A. Candler, then a deacon, afterwards an elder, who now holds the office. The first teachers were James Lemon, Mrs. Olivia Clarke and Miss Rachel Calhoun.

In 1887 the charge was left vacant by the death of Dr. Frazier, and for a year Mr. Hugh K. Walker served as stated supply. In December, 1888, Rev. F. H. Gaines took the charge and retained it till 1896. In 1889 Dr. Gaines expressed his desire and prayed that a Christian school for girls be established in Decatur. As a result of his prayers and efforts what afterward became the Agnes Scott Institute was founded. A Presbyterian school for girls was established in a frame building, now rolled away and used for a boarding house, which then stood on the present

site of the Institute, and the old Ansley house on the opposite side of the railroad was used as a dormitory. In 1891 the Agnes Scott Institute was dedicated and the faculty of the Seminary was increased and transferred to the Institute.

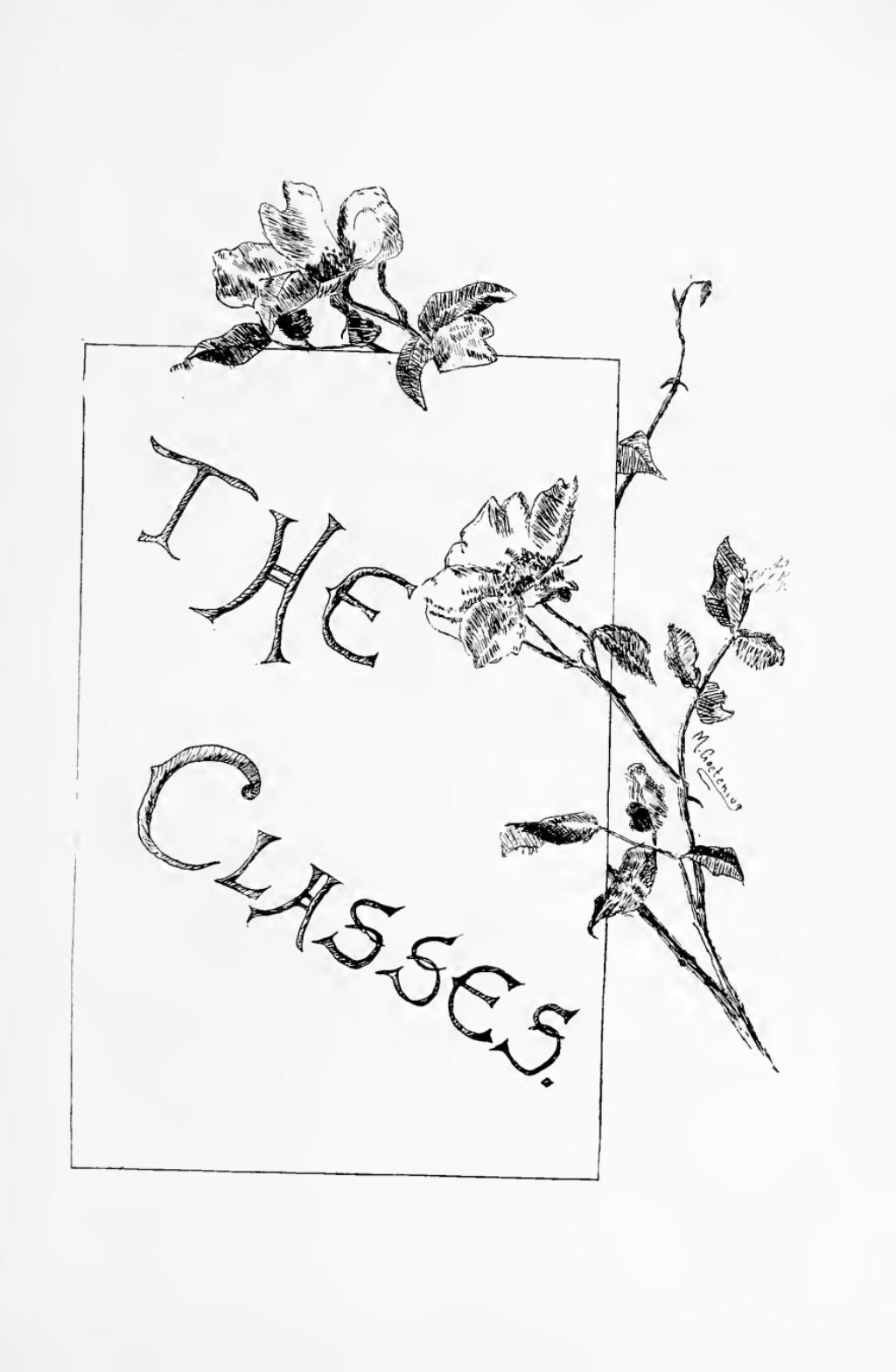
In 1892 there was dedicated a new Presbyterian church, built on a site more centrally located than the old one. For some time the erection of a new church had been debated, and it was finally decided upon for several reasons, among which was the proximity of the new site to the Institute and to the main part of the congregation which had gradually settled at a distance from the old church.

The property of the old church was bought by the members, and a school for boys was established in it. This school was incorporated as the Donald Frazier High School, May 30th, 1892. By a recent amendment of the charter of the school two of the trustees must be appointed by the Synod of Georgia. Two are elected by the session of the church, three represent the stockholders, two of these being chosen by the Synod.

In 1896 Dr. Gaines resigned his charge over the church to assume the presidency of Agnes Scott Institute. Practically he had held this position since the organization of the school, being president of the board of trustees and president of the Institute in all except name. Rev. James G. Patton, of Henderson, Ky., then became pastor of the Presbyterian Church.







THE
CLASSES.

M. Gotchius



Senior Class

Colors

Red and White.

Officers

ANNIE GASH,	PRESIDENT
BESSIE JONES,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MABEL LAWTON,	SECRETARY

Members

Lucile Alexander,	Normal,	Virginia
Ruth Candler,	Classical,	Georgia
Bernice Chivers,	Normal,	Georgia
Annie Gash,	Scientific,	North Carolina
Bessie Jones,	Normal,	Georgia
Rosa Belle Knox,	Normal,	Alabama
Helen Mandeville,	Classical,	Georgia
Mabel Lawton,	Classical,	South Carolina
Emma Wesley,	Normal,	Georgia
Nannie Winn,	Classical,	Alabama



fourth Period

The Period of the Senior Year

from September, '98, to Commencement Day, '99

Outline

- I GENERAL FEATURES.
- II. PERIODS OF THE SENIOR YEAR.
- III. DIVISIONS OF THE SENIORS.
- IV THE TEN SENIORS.



Lucile Alexander	Bessie Jones	Helen Mandeville
Nannie Winn	Bernice Chivers	Rosa Belle Knox
Mabel Lawton	Aunie Gash	Emma Wesley
		Ruth Caudler

SENIOR CLASS.

Notes

I. GENERAL FEATURES.

1. **THE OPENING OF THE SENIOR YEAR.**—This the first time the members of this class have ever been Seniors. This year the beginning of the end, the culmination of their course.

2. **THE DESIGN OF THE SENIOR YEAR.**—To complete the four years course and, in the end, win a diploma. However, each member of the class has a different design. There *were* some members who designed to get through the course as easily as possible; they dropped out last year.

3. **THE PLAN OF THE SENIOR YEAR.**—To do what is needful to secure a diploma. This much-desired object is secured in different ways according to the varying courses taken. Of the ten Seniors five take the Normal Course, four the Classical, and one the Scientific.

II. PERIODS OF THE SENIOR YEAR.

FIRST PERIOD—From Hopkins' Moral Science to Dabney's Practical Philosophy.

SECOND PERIOD—From Wordsworth to Browning.

THIRD PERIOD—From Gaines' "Notes" to Alexander's "Evidences of Christianity."

FOURTH PERIOD—Well-Rounded.

III. DIVISIONS OF THE SENIORS.

The Seniors are divided into two main classes—day-pupils and boarders. The day-pupils are in the majority. Significance?

IV. THE TEN SENIORS.

Names? Characteristics?



Class of '00

Motto

"Tout bien ou rien."

Colors

Gray and Old Rose.

Officers

EVELYN RAMSPECK,	PPRESIDENT
MARGARET BOOTH,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY LOU DUNCAN,	SECRETARY
JEANNETTE CRAIG,	TREASURER
ETHEL ALEXANDER,	HISTORIAN

Juniors

Ethel Alexander,	Normal	Atlanta, Georgia,
Margie Booth,	Classical,	Montgomery, Alabama
May Barker,	Normal,	Decatur, Georgia
Jeannette Craig,	Musical,	Yazoo City, Mississippi
Mary Lou Duncan,	Musical,	Decatur, Georgia
Mattie Cobb Howard,	Classical,	Atlanta, Georgia
Mary Payne,	Normal,	West Point, Mississippi
Evelyn Ramspeck,	Normal,	Decatur, Georgia
Jean Ramspeck,	Musical,	Decatur, Georgia
Hilda Schaefer,	Musical,	Yazoo City, Mississippi
Rusha Wesley,	Normal,	Lithonia, Georgia



History of the Junior Class

TWO YEARS AGO, as trembling Freshmen, we crossed the threshold of Agnes Scott, duly impressed with our ignorance and freshness, and heartlessly looked down upon by all those ahead of us. Our mistakes were many, but they were excused on the plea that we were only Freshmen, and knew no better. Alas! how cutting this to the awakened pride of the poor Fresh! But we were not destined always to be passed by unnoticed, for our Fresh. year passed by at last, and we rose, with a sigh of relief, to the position of Sophomore, one year older and many years wiser.

Here we rested more secure from the attacks of Junior and Senior, and were looked upon with a greater degree of respect and importance. But even here we had the reputation of being gay Sophs., and our character and influence was still not valued at its true worth. But the trials and difficulties of our Sophomore year are now things of the past, and we have triumphed over all; even Soph. math. has not thinned our ranks, and to-day, as exalted Juniors, we tread together the rough and rugged steeps of learning, well aware that the goal for which we are striving is reached only by patient toil and perseverance.

Much to the surprise of everybody (ourselves excepted) we are able to boast of a poet among our ranks. Responding to her poetic inspiration for the first time in December, her maiden effort met with success (being published in the *Mnemosynean*) and was hailed by her class-mates as signs of the "gude time coming." Inspired by her example, we have hopes of others of our number.

But whatever the talents of the members may be, here's to you, '900!





Evelyn Ramspeck Jeannette Craig Rusha Wesley Mary Barker
Ethel Alexander Jean Ramspeck Margaret Booth
Mary Payne Martha C. Howard Mary Lou Duncan Hilda Schaefer

JUNIOR CLASS.



Class of '01

Motto

Virtute ac labore.

Colors

Blue and White.

flower

Ragged-Robin.

Officers

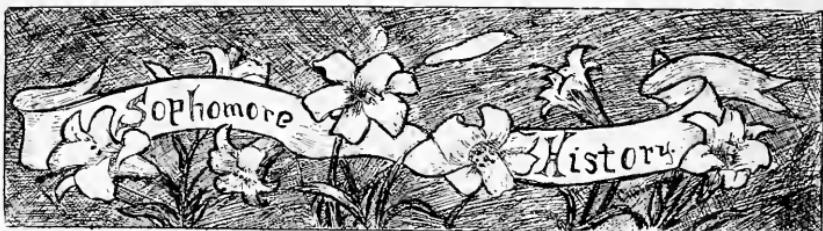
AMANDA SANDERS CALDWELL,	PRESIDENT
MARY ROBERTA BUCHER,	VICE-PRESIDENT
LILLIAN MCGILL,	SECRETARY
EVELYN NINENA TATE,	TREASURER
WILLIBERT DAVIS,	POET
LOULA McCALPIN,	HISTORIAN

Members

Fannie Moore Burwell,	North College St., Charlotte, N. C
Mary Roberta Bucher,	Decatur, Ga
Daisy Eleanor Caldwell,	87 Richardson St., Atlanta, Ga
Amanda Sanders Caldwell,	6th Ave. and Pine St., Pine Bluff, Ark
Mollie Scott Cohen,	116 Bolton St., Savannah, Ga
Willibert Davis,	Bainbridge, Ga
Anna Grace Hannah,	Thomaston, Ga
Marian Clifford Hall,	56 E. Ellis St., Atlanta, Ga

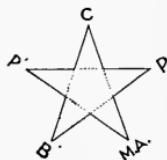
Maude Johnson, Decatur, Ga
Mary Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, 121 S. College St., Montgomery, Ala
Saedee Hull King, 400 Third Ave., Rome, Ga
Georgia Mills Keyser, Richmond, Ala
Lillian McGill, Decatur, Ga
Loula McClain, Yorkville, S. C
Chloe Louelle O'Neal, West Bainbridge, Ga
Rose Rich, 330 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga
Olga Fleming Subers, Bainbridge, Ga
Amy Seay, Greensboro, Ala
Clara Mae Smith, Warrenton, Ga
Anna May Stevens, Poplar Springs, Ga
Evelyn Ninena Tate, Tate, Ga
Lucia Harriet Tarver, Selma, Ala
Edith Sydnor Thomson, 449 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga





Theorem.

The class of 1901 is a "star".



GIVEN: A star is a body with five well-formed points.

Let a point be a characteristic.

TO PROVE: Class of '01 = a star.

PROOF: Draw conclusions from achievements.

CASE I. In Gaines' Bible Notes —

Sophs = to the task,
and Sophs. of '99 > all former Sophs.

The task = Courageousness.

∴ Sophs. = Courageousness. (1)

(Having been previously forewarned both by Seniors and Juniors that nothing is so frightful as Gaines' Bible Notes.)

∴ Sophs. have a point in their favor.

CASE II. In Wentworth's Geometry—

Sophs. = "The originals".

Originals = Great mental ability.

. . . Sophs. = Great mental ability. (2)

(Having solved the problems of Wentworth's Geometry.)

. . . Sophs. have this point in their favor.

CASE III. In English—

Sophs. = Miss McKenney's "Outlines".

Miss McKenney's "Outlines" = Perseverance.

. . . Sophs. = Perseverance. (3)

("Practice makes perfect.")

. . . Sophs. have this point in their favor.

CASE IV. In Science—

Sophs. = "Atomic Theory".

Solving "Atomic Theory" = Prominence.

. . . Sophs. = Prominence. (4)

(Having excelled Juniors, who never solved the mystery of the "Atomic Theory.")

. . . Sophs. have this point in their favor.

CASE V. In Languages—

(a) In German—

Sophs. = Fondness for Stein's Exercises.

. . . " > Both Seniors and Juniors.

(Stein being the bane of the lives of both Seniors and Juniors.)

(b) In French—

Sophs. = "Literature".

. . . " = Seniors.

(For Seniors, *only*, take French literature.)

. . . Sophs. = Brilliancy. (5)

. . . Sophs. have this point in their favor.

Then by adding 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, Sophs. have five points in their favor,

and ∴ Sophomore Class = a star,

Q. E. D.

COR. 1. Class of 1901 is good.

(Ax. If good parts be added to good parts, the whole will be good.)

∴ Class of '01 is good.

(Combining the five good characteristics: courage, perseverance, mental ability, prominence and brilliancy, makes a good class.)

COR. 2. Class of '01 being a "star" is the complement of A. S. I.

SCHOLIUM.

This corollary may also be written —

Class of '01 being a "star" is the compliment to A. S. I.

REMARKS: This truth will be more clearly demonstrated in 1901.





Freshman
Class
Organ.
Battalion.

S. King

Class '02

Motto

Vincit qui re vincit.

Colors

Red and Old Gold.

Officers

BELL DUNNINGTON,	· · · · ·	PRESIDENT
LUCY THOMPSON,	· · · · ·	VICE-PRESIDENT
META BARKER,	· · · · ·	SECRETARY
*——— ——,	· · · · ·	POET
*——— ——,	· · · · ·	HISTORIAN

Members

Estelle Anderson,	· · · · ·	Washington, Ga
Lottie Anderson,	· · · · ·	Cartersville, Ga
Mae Barry,	· · · · ·	Decatur, Ga
Meta Barker,	· · · · ·	Decatur, Ga
Marion Bucher,	· · · · ·	Decatur, Ga
Mary Battey,	· · · · ·	Rome, Ga
Laura Caldwell,	· · · · ·	87 Richardson St., Atlanta, Ga
Nettie Calhoun,	· · · · ·	Atlanta, Ga
Carrie Calloway,	· · · · ·	Madison, Ga
Lorine Colmery,	· · · · ·	Virden, Miss
Sara Collier,	· · · · ·	Atlanta, Ga

* Not elected.

Juliet Cox,	Decatur, Ga
Ethel Davant,	Memphis, Tenn
Annie Kirk Dowdell,	Opelika, Ala
Bell Dunnington,	University of Virginia
Lucy Goetchius,	Rome, Ga
Ruth Harwell,	Opelika, Ala
Alice Hager,	Decatur, Ga
Alice Hocker,	Ocala, Fla
Annie Hervey,	Water Valley, Miss
Ida Hervey,	Water Valley, Miss
Eliza Hull,	Savannah, Ga
Marietta Hurt,	Memphis, Tenn
Mary Bynum Jarnigan,	Mossy Creek, Tenn
Ruth Lewis,	248 Jackson St., Atlanta, Ga
Eulalie Lawton,	Rose Hill, Columbus, Ga
Olivia Montgomery,	Tallulah, La
Carrie Morisette,	New Berne, Ala
Sallie George Oliver,	Dancy, Ala
Clyde Ponder,	Opelika, Ala
Katherine Patty,	349 Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga
Louise Ragsdale,	Decatur, Ga
Valeria Rankin,	201 Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga
Daisy Strong,	Walhalla, S. C
Lucy Thompson,	Clear Water, Fla
Bessie Smith,	Tallahassee, Fla
Henrietta Smith,	Decatur, Ga
Tenney Showalter,	Dalton, Ga





freshman Chronicle

SEPTEMBER 7TH. Freshmen enter and are classified.

SEPTEMBER 8TH: Some fall back to sub-Freshdom, but the world rolls on.

OCTOBER 6TH. Freshmen experience their first written lessons. They don't like it.

NOVEMBER 8TH: Freshmen get into trouble. This continues throughout the year, and so need not be mentioned again in the chronicle.

DECEMBER 22D: Freshmen leave for the holidays, but Agnes Scott moves on in the same old way.

JANUARY 3D: Freshman supposed to return to school. The majority do not return until the 6th. Their marks considerably lowered by this.

JANUARY 16TH: The Freshmen begin to take examinations. They think they are the only ones who have any work to do.

FEBRUARY 14TH: The Freshmen receive valentines.

FEBRUARY 22D: Being a holiday, the Freshmen walk in Decatur alone. They play Senior.

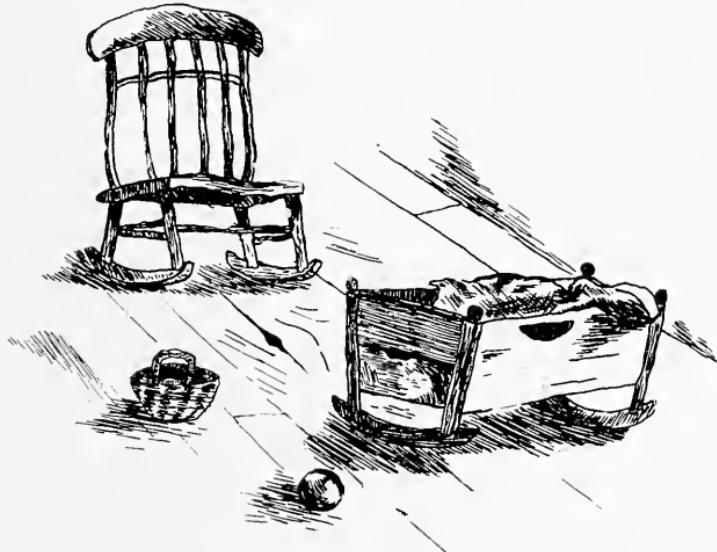
FEBRUARY 23D: As a result of too much exercise the day before and because of non-preparation of lessons the Freshmen do not appear. The Institute mourns, but still wags on.

MARCH 1ST: The Freshmen write for the AURORA.

MARCH 4TH: Two Freshmen, one of whom is noted for her laziness and abstinence from study, refuse to write the class history on account of "too much work" (grandiloquently). The one specially mentioned above "came to Agnes Scott for mathematics and Latin, etc., *primarily*: the AURORA is a *secondary* consideration."

MARCH 4TH TO 15TH: Though the Freshmen try to oppose it, the world moves on.

(CONTINUED TILL MAY 28TH.)



Irregular and Special Courses

Thyrza Askew,	Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga
Rosa Kingsberry,	380 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga
Genie Thornton,	Talladega, Ala
Martha Ezra Robins,	Lower Peachtree, Ala
Harriett Scales,	Atlanta, Ga
Mattie Wright,	848 Greene St., Augusta, Ga
Sybil Bethel,	Key West, Fla
Marie Goetchius,	Rome, Ga



65886

Semiquavers.

MUSIC SPECIAL, (at concert, laboring under a mistake) —“What a grand artist he is! What a touch! There is not a fault in his playing!”

FRIEND—“My dear, that is not the great artist. He is ill and his place is filled by a lesser light.”

SPECIAL, (much chagrined)—“Oh! Er—I thought I detected some faults.”

STRANGER—“Last half hour I heard a lovely voice on the music floor. Do you know whose it was?”

ASPIRING YOUNG VOCALIST—“Oh yes, I was practicing my vocal lesson then.”

PROFESSOR, (as he comes within hearing distance of the practice floor)—“‘Music is love in search of a word.’ So! Well, well, all I can say is that it bids fair to find the word soon or exhaust itself in trying for it.”

The Polymnia Club

Officers '98 and '99

MISS PAULINE JENNINGS,	PRESIDENT
MISS JEANNETTE CRAIG,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MISS MARGARET POWELL,	SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Members

Miss Gertrude Ausley,	Miss Mabel Lawton,
Miss Fannie Burwell,	Miss Ethel Lawton,
Miss Addie Boyd,	Miss Carrie Morrisette,
Mrs. Ed Barry,	Miss Loula McClain,
Miss Mae Barry,	Mr. Maclean,
Miss Amanda Caldwell,	Miss Olivia Montgomery,
Miss Delle Carlton,	Miss Sallie George Oliver,
Miss Angie Cubbedge,	Miss Margaret Powell,
Miss Mollie Cohen,	Miss Rose Perry,
Miss Mary Cook,	Miss Madeline Routzahn,
Miss Jeannette Craig,	Miss Lola Robinson,
Miss Mary Lu Duncan,	Miss Jean Ramspeck,
Miss Willibert Davis,	Miss Daisy Strong,
Miss Nannie Gilmore,	Miss Olga Subers,
Miss Eulalie Gamble,	Miss Hilda Schaefer,
Miss Mary Bynum Jarnagin,	Miss Clara Smith,
Miss Pauline Jennings,	Miss Mattie Wright,
Miss Saidee King,	Miss Edith Williams,
Miss Margaret Klebs,	Miss Nellie Mandeville,
Miss Mary Kirkpatrick,	Miss Harriett Scales.
Miss Georgia Kyser,	



The History of the Music Department in the Present Year

THE world is full of melody, and the Music Department of Agnes Scott is putting forth its best endeavors to swell the volume of sound; which effort, we hope, will be far reaching in its effects—some day. There is no question of its being far-reaching now in the sense of being heard by night or day at a distance of from a quarter- to a half-mile, as the afflicted auditory nerves of the public can testify. This, we fear, proves

that it has not exactly the charming effect of Orpheus' lyre upon the woods and forests. While we do not claim that the echoes in our halls remind us at all times of "a forest full of delicious birds," a considerate investigation, however, will show a more enlarged and intelligent interest in the study of the history of music, which constitute its first charms.

The year of '98 and '99 certainly dawned upon a greater Musical Department in our Institution. The introduction of a regular course of study for those who wished to become students in the art, is one of the new features of this department, and has found earnest advocates in both teachers and students.

It is like "carrying flowers to Haymarket" to attempt further praise of our most able and well-known Director, Mr. Maclean, but it pleases us to add a fresh laurel leaf to his crown each year in the recurrent accounts of our Music Department. He is not the mere teacher, who is anxious only to justify his salary, but one who has adopted a congenial life work, laboring with patience and sympathy in the systematic building of the musical education of his pupils. If his own thoughts could be interpreted just here, they would probably read thus: Such quantity of endeavor granted the Director, what has he a right to expect from pupils? The answer is plain: At least a renewed effort to effect a sure and steady progress. This reply may be somewhat embarrassing for those who have all too often been overtaken in the forbidden pleasure of playing tweedle-dum or tweedle-dee, or of whiling away the practice hour, a time supposed to be spent in the serious and earnest unraveling of those interminable puzzles, Bach Preludes and Fugues or the like, in the delightful contemplation of Sousa, truly the king of march-makers, but, alas, whose name too readily suggests an echo of the appalling and transfixing phrase: "Five demerits for that," when uttered by one in authority.

In the early part of our school year Miss Jennings, the able assistant in this department, skillfully and charmingly conducted her classes in harmony and history. But while congratulating

ourselves upon the smoothness of the course, ill-health compelled Miss Jennings to resign, which fact occasioned not only sincere regret, but a suspension of our work for a time. The monster, "Grippe," no respecter of persons, for some weeks held sway as if personified, and crowned himself general manager of the Music Department, sending our Director and nearly all the assistants to the Infirmary.

Miss Powell, our capable assistant and practice directress, and Miss Hunt, our violin wizzard, were left alone in the Department, and battling bravely against the odds of the epidemic, right well maintained their reputation for faithful and successful work.

After the long holiday the curtain rose again upon the Department with the *mise en scene* somewhat changed. We entered the harmony class-room as usual, but instead of our fair and cultured Miss Jennings, we were for a moment transfixed in contemplating, with almost Galatia amazement, the presence of a Man, stalwart and striking! Don't think, however, that this feeling was one of horror; far from it, for we were all pleasantly smiling upon the new person before us. But our wonder was much stirred when the preceptor's name was given as Mr. Saul. The name "Saul" was quite familiar to many of us who were then well into the second of those three famous volumes called "Gaines' Bible Notes", which, by the way, are truly worthy of the name they bear. We at once concluded that the name *Saul* was well adapted to this person, for he was without any doubt "head and shoulders" above any one else who had come within those walls within the memory of the oldest students. We next thought of the famous oratorio, *Saul*, arranged by Handel, and straightway by association of ideas inferred that the soul of this *Saul* must be filled with music and harmony. So it was proven, and even more, for when his mighty hand struck the opening chords of the morning devotional exercises, the entire assemby listening were held spell-bound for a moment, and then burst into joyful song. Mr. Saul is quite recently

from Germany, and comes to us with the highest endorsements. While his capacity for instruction is beyond all question, his faculty for impressing many of his pupils with the scope of their ignorance of music is equally marked. His criticisms are expressed with a somewhat *Deutsche* accent, which always enhances their value to the music student.

Our vocal class has a record well worth recording, and is under the efficient direction of Miss Klebs from Germany. She possesses a delightful voice, and frequently contributes charming numbers to our musical programmes. She has distinguished herself for her careful and painstaking method in the development of the vocal talent of the Institute, and in many cases for the remarkable results reached in voice training. Our vocalists themselves are famous in these parts for their strength of lung, and their Ellen Beech Yaw notes may be heard at some distance beyond the campus by day or night. While all pupils have not been made sweet philomels, not being equally endowed with the divine gift of some, yet they have been stimulated with the enthusiasm which comes from working under good instructors.

Besides our accomplished Director and his able staff, this Department boasts a musical club, the Polymnia, composed of both teachers and students. This most valuable addition was organized in the year 1895, and has been steadily increasing in size and importance. Its meetings are held once every fortnight, and are very enjoyable affairs, affording those students affected with that most calamitous of all afflictions, "stage-fright," ample opportunity of warding off the effects fatal to any musical performance in public. Often the best talent of Atlanta honors the club with a delightful programme, and frequently attend our receptions given at regular intervals during the year. Besides being a great advantage in the ways just mentioned, the club aids in the aesthetic and scientific study of the art. Each year the funds of the club are devoted to the purpose of building up the musical library of the Institute. Many valuable works have already been accumulated

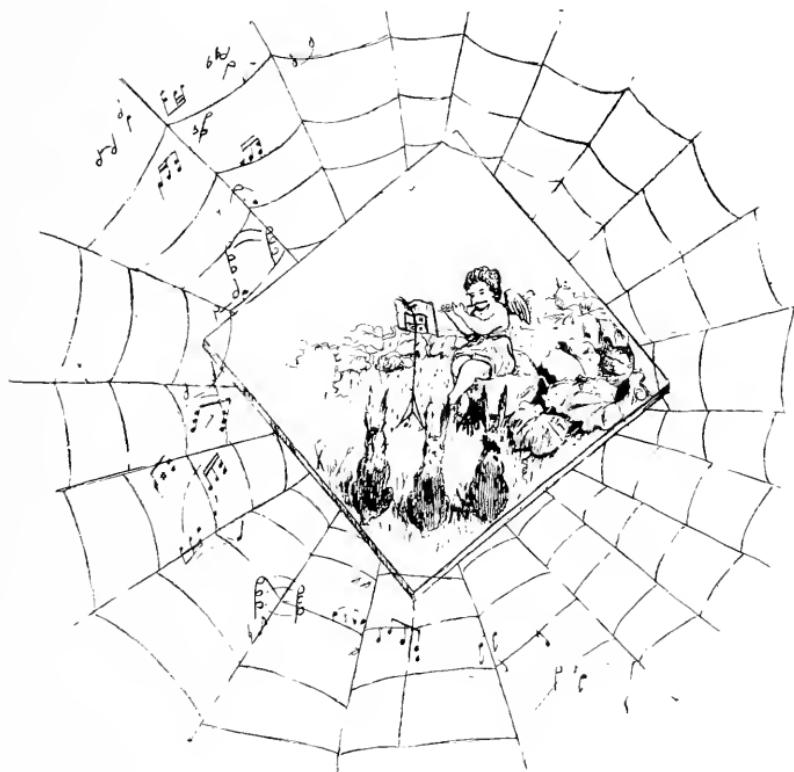
in the few years of its existence, and our hope is that time may add to it many more.

The Polymnia of '98 and '99 has not held its meetings as regularly as heretofore, due to the many vicissitudes through which it has passed since the first three months of the year. The illness and final resignation of our president, Miss Jennings, virtually left us without a head, a necessary part of every organization, this principally causing the lack of system and regularity in the club. Spring, however, revived the interest in musical affairs, an interest which had been lying dormant during the winter months, and work was once more begun in earnest, even a more lively interest being shown than before. A greater incentive to work has been offered in the scholarships in the Music Department and in piano, each of which is maintained by the Polymnia Club.

As complimentary to the Music Department the students have the privilege of hearing the best talent of Europe and America that is offered the Atlanta public. Season tickets for the series of concerts by famous artists during the winter months are procured for the students, thus stimulating a taste for and interest in what is highest and best in the art. During the past season opportunities were given the music students at Agnes Scott which are seldom presented to many more than once in a life-time. The two events which stand out in bas-relief as more impressive than the others of the season are, first, the concert of Madame Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, the greatest woman pianist, and, second, that of her cousin and her equal in greatness, Moriz Rosenthal, called very justly "the piano gymnast". There were many programs in the series which deserve mention here as interesting and instructive, but the laws regarding the space allotted to this article forbid the continuance of this dissertation to so great an extent.

In short, the advantages offered are the best, and the portals of our Music Department are open wide to those who love the divine art and wish to have its treasures revealed to them. We,

the music students, one and all, with a flourish of our caps, give three glorious cheers for the Music Department of the Agnes Scott Institute and, gladly sounding its praises, wish for it the largest possible scope with only the variation of ever increasing sucess.





Members

Olivia Montgomery	Missey Hull
Madeline Routzahn	Harriett Scales
Mollie Cohen	Edna May
Annie Hervey	Sibyl Bethel
Ida Hervey	Miss Williams
Gertrude Ausley	Miss Kirkpatrick
Sallie George Oliver	Miss Snook
Georgia Kyser	Miss Gilmore
Ethel Lawton	



DIRECTOR'S MUSIC ROOM.





Officers

LOULA MACLAIN,	PRESIDENT
*ESTELLE ANDERSON,	VICE-PRESIDENT
CARRIE CALLOWAY,	VICE-PRESIDENT
ANGIE CUBBEDGE,	SECRETARY
RUTH LEWIS,	TREASURER

Members

*Margaret Allison	Georgia Kyser
Lottie Anderson	Edna May
Gertrude Ansley	Carrie Morrisette
E. G. Buck	Katherine Patty
*Delle Carlton	Tenny Showalter
Lena Craig	Loucia Tarver
Ethel Devant	Jennie Vereen

*Left school.

Hints

THE Class of '99, believing firmly in the power of unconscious influence (having completed a thorough course in Ethics), feels that the future representation of the A. S. I. Senior Classes rests largely upon them. Rich in the knowledge that comes from that much praised school of experience, we wish, to use the words of one of our number, always esteemed, but doubly so after April 8th :

" Before we make our final bow,
We want to tell the others how."

TO PEDAGOGY CLASS—Be ready for anything, and when it comes don't seem surprised.

CHEMISTRY CLASS—Never study the entire assigned lesson if it contains three or more experiments, (or *one* if that requires peculiar conditions), but leave the last part for next time.

FRENCH CLASS—If in Conversation Circle you know nothing to say, *je* repeated several times with a smile will answer.

ETHICS CLASS—Be a heroine in the strife. (Special reference to Dabney).

SENIOR ARITHMETIC—Do the thing that seems least probable; always use the six per cent. method.

ALEXANDER'S "EVIDENCES"—Get a second-hand book and learn by heart the parts marked.

HISTORY CLASS—Read Green and Guizot for light (!) summer reading; this knowledge will be available in senior history.

ASTRONOMY CLASS—Point your telescope, observe, correct, then correct them—correct your corrections. It might also be well to add, don't cherish false hopes; even the largest telescopes fail to reveal in all the universe so insignificant a thing as a man.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF 'O AURORA—Make it better than the '99 *if you can.*

N. B.—Follow, not our footsteps, but our advice, and you will be famous.

[The above guaranteed to cure all cases of "the blues" (temporarily), all over-exertion of the brain cells, and all bad consequences of too much mental labor.]



G. Ausley

R. Lewis

C. Patty

C. Morrisette

J. Vereen

L. Craig

E. May

G. Kyser

L. Anderson

G. Thornton

L. McLain

C. Calloway

A. Cribbedge

Miss Buck

LA BONNE HEURE CLUB.



Officers

NELLIE MANDEVILLE, . . .	ART CRITIC
SAIDEE KING,	SECRETARY
E. G. BUCK,	CRITIC

Members

*Estelle Anderson	Rosa Belle Knox
Fannie Burnwell	Georgia Kyser
Carrie Calloway	Mary Kirkpatrick
*Delle Carlton	Eulalie Lawton
Mollie Cohen	Ruth Lewis
Mary Cook	Edna May
Lena Craig	Mary Payne
Angie Cubbedge	Ella Smith
Marie Goetchius	Genie Thornton
Venetia Danner	Mattie Wright

*Left school.

~~Annals of ye~~ Crowquill Club.

In September '98, we find that only five members of the Crow Quill Club have returned to carry on the excellent work done by the last year's girls, and to renew the interest in the Club, which was so manifest in the previous term. But there are many new girls in school, and so by the first meeting we have nearly twenty members enrolled, some with real artistic talent, others it must be confessed with only the love and perseverance, which, however, are both essential to this work.

Some of the first productions were marvelous, but our ever kind and patient teacher only pointed out our mistakes, and then gave us so much encouragement, that we resolved to do better "next time."

This resolution was well carried out in most cases, and, by the last of December, some really excellent work had been done as Christmas presents. Picture frames figured largely, and were of all kinds and descriptions—daisies, wild roses, dog-wood blossoms and also copies of the well-known "Gibson girl", all figuring as designs.

After the holidays work in the Crow Quill did not begin until the seventeenth of January, but it was then that the real object of the Crow Quill Club, that of contributing sketches to the AURORA, was manifested.

Some of the girls did not return after Christmas, but as there were several applications for membership, we soon had our former number.

"Where there's a will there's a way" is certainly a very true saying, and it was so in this case as is proven by the pen sketches in this annual.

This is a good work and it should certainly be kept up, and the endeavor made every year to improve, if possible, the sketches of the year before.

SAIDEE KING, Secretary.



C. Calloway E. Gamble M. Wright J. McPhaul
G. Kyser R. Lewis G. Thornton F. Burwell M. Cohen M. Cook
M. Goetchius A. Cubbedge V. Danner M. Payne E. May L. Craig

CROWQUILL CLUB.

Organiza
tions



Mnemosynean Literary Society

Officers

First Quarter

NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	PRESIDENT
JEANNETTE CRAIG,	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZA HULL,	SECRETARY
ROSA BELLE KNOX,	VICE-SECRETARY
AMANDA CALDWELL,	TREASURER
EZRA ROBINS,	LIBRARIAN
LENA CRAIG,	CENSOR

Second Quarter

JEANNETTE CRAIG,	PRESIDENT
FANNIE BURWELL,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MATTIE WRIGHT,	SECRETARY
MARIETTA HURT,	VICE-SECRETARY
EZRA ROBINS,	TREASURER
CARRIE MORRISETTE,	LIBRARIAN
VENETIA DANNER,	CENSOR

Third Quarter

NELLIE MANDEVILLE,	PRESIDENT
MARY PAYNE,	VICE-PRESIDENT
AMANDA CALDWELL,	SECRETARY
ROSA BELLE KNOX,	VICE-SECRETARY
CARRIE CALLOWAY,	TREASURER
MARY BATTEY,	LIBRARIAN
MATTIE WRIGHT,	CENSOR



MNEMOSYNEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Members

Lottie Anderson	Carrie Morrisette
Mary Battey	Mary Payne
Sibyl Bethel	Rose Perry
Fannie Burwell	Ezra Robins
Delle Carlton	Lola Robinson
Sara Collier	Marietta Hurt
Amanda Caldwell	Mattie Wright
Angie Cubbedge	Harriett Scales
Jeanette Craig	Mollie Cohen
Lena Craig	Amy Seay
Ethel Davant	Rosa Gammon
Venetia Danner	Janie Bowie
Marie Goetchius	Ellen Penaman
Lucy Goetchius	Catherine Patty
Eliza Hull	Carrie Calloway
Saidee King	Margaret Allison
Rosa Belle Knox	Maiden Heiskell
Nellie Mandeville	

Propylaean Literary Society

Motto

"Virtus in Arduis"

Colors

Light Green and White

Officers '98-'99

First Quarter

MABEL LAWTON,	PRESIDENT
HILDA SHAEFER,	VICE-PRESIDENT
LULA McCALIN,	SECRETARY
LILLIAN MCGILL,	VICE-SECRETARY
NANNIE WINN,	TREASURER
EULALIE LAWTON,	CENSOR
MRS. ARBUCKLE,	CRITIC

Second Quarter

MARGARET BOOTH,	PRESIDENT
DAISY STRONG,	VICE-PRESIDENT
EVELYN TATE,	SECRETARY
ANNIE KIRK DOWDELL,	VICE-SECRETARY
EULALIE LAWTON,	TREASURER
ALICE HOCKER,	CENSOR
MRS. ARBUCKLE,	CRITIC

Third Quarter

NANNIE WINN,	PRESIDENT
BESSIE SMITH,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MABEL LAWTON,	SECRETARY
MARY B. JARNAGIN,	VICE-SECRETARY
GEORGIA KYSER,	TREASURER
ANNIE KIRK DOWDELL,	CENSOR
MRS. ARBUCKLE,	CRITIC



PROPYLAEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Members

Mrs. Arbuckle	Lillian McGill
Gertrude Ausley	Lula McClain
Margaret Booth	Hilda Schaefer
Mary Cook	Bessie Smith
Bell Dunnington	Clara Smith
Annie Kirk Dowdell	Evelyn Tate
Mrs. Gaines	Nannie Winn
Ethel Lawton	Daisy Strong
Eulalie Lawton	Alice Hocker
Mabel Lawton	Wilbert Davis
Mary Bynum Jarnagin	Lucia Tarver
Georgia Kyser	Annie Hervey
Louelle O'Neal	Ida Hervey
Edna May	Olga Subers



Members

Mary Payne
Harriett Scales
Tenney Showalter
Sybil Bethel
Nellie Mandeville
Rosa Belle Knox
Margie Booth
Sara Collier
Janie Bowie
Lucy Goetchius
Rosa Gammon
Marie Goetchius
Mary Bynum Jarnigin

Gertrude Ausley
Amanda Caldwell
Angie Cubbedge
Carrie Morrisette
Carrie Calloway
Mary Battey
Valeria Rankin

Mary A. Payne



M. B. Jarnagin M. Payne C. Morrisette L. Goetchius R. Gammon T. Showalter
G. Ausley M. Booth M. Goetchius C. Calloway
A. Caldwell S. Bethel R. B. Knox M. Battey J. Bowie
S. Collier V. Rankin A. Cubbedge H. Scales

TENNIS CLUB

Anti-Walking Club

"Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun."

Ouies grata est.

SYBIL BETHEL, "Rest and be thankful."

HARRIETT SCALES, . . . { "I intend to get a permanent
excuse from walking."

JENNIE B. MCPHAUL, "Where is rest?"

ETHEL DAVANT, "The sad mechanic exercise."

ANGIE CUBBEDGE, { "For cure on exercise depend.
Then I'll have no cure."

TENNY SHOWALTER, . . . { "I hate to walk in winter,
I hate to walk in fall,
I hate to walk at any time,
I hate to walk at all."



Bicycle Club

Members

Tenney Showalter
Mabel Ponder
Jennie Belle McPhaul
Georgia Kyser
Lena Craig
Genie Thornton
Mollie Cohen
Carrie Morrisette
Anna Grace Hannah
Carrie Calloway
Ruth Lewis
Jennie Vereen
Clyde Ponder
Ruth Harwell
Madeline Routzan



Eula Gamble
Valeria Rankin
Angie Cubbedge
Marie Goetchius



L. Craig E. Gamble G. Thornton M. Cohen C. Morrisette M. Ponder C. Calloway
R. Lewis V. Rankin R. Perry G. Hannah T. Showalter J. McPhaul M. Goetchius
A. Cubbedge C. Ponder M. Routzan
G. Kyser R. Harwell J. Vereen

BICYCLE CLUB

Christian Band

Officers '98-'99

First Quarter

NANNIE WINN,	PRESIDENT
MARY PAYNE,	VICE-PRESIDENT
AMANDA CALDWELL,	SECRETARY
MARTHA ROBINS,	VICE-SECRETARY
EULALIE LAWTON,	TREASURER

Second Quarter

MABEL LAWTON,	PRESIDENT
DAISY STRONG,	VICE-PRESIDENT
MARY PAYNE,	SECRETARY
EVELYN TATE,	VICE-SECRETARY
MARGARET BOOTH,	TREASURER

Third Quarter

DAISY STRONG,	PRESIDENT
MARGARET BOOTH,	VICE-PRESIDENT
EVELYN TATE,	SECRETARY
BELL DUNNINGTON,	VICE-SECRETARY
BESSIE SMITH,	TREASURER

Kappa Chi Sorority

Organization Secret

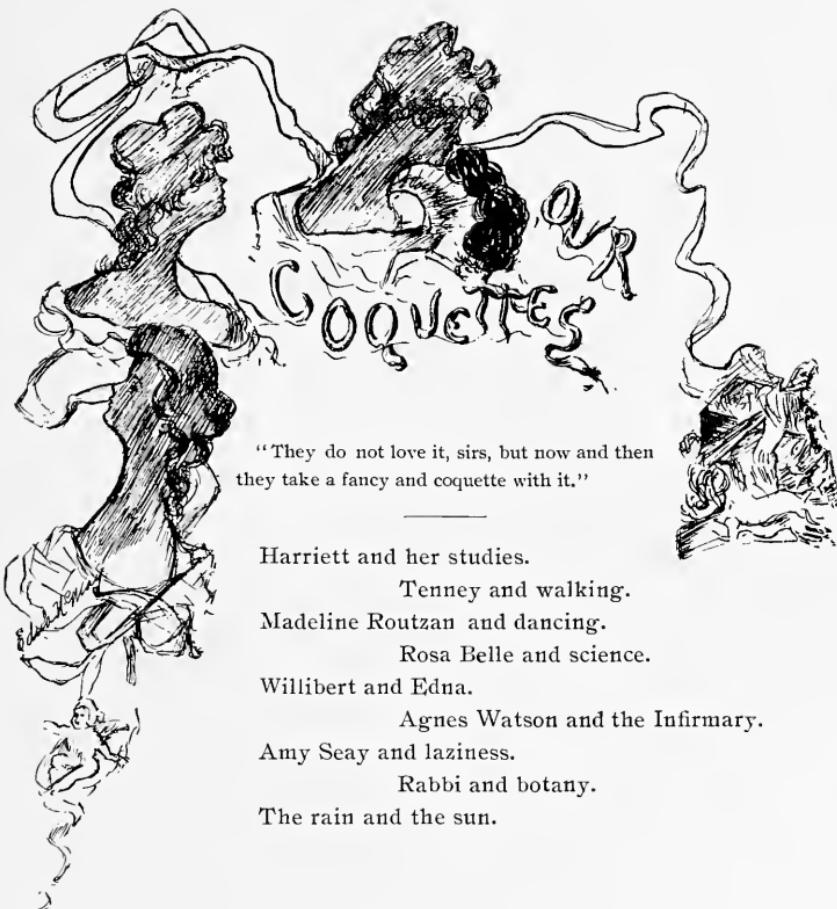
Members

Sybil Bethel	Nellie Mandeville
Amanda Caldwell	Mattie Wright
Angie Cubbedge	Rosa Belle Knox
Ethel Davant	Harriett Scales
Fannie Burwell	Missey Hull
Valeria Rankin	



Sybil Bethel Mattie Wright Ethel Davant Helen Mandeville Fannie Burwell
Eliza Hull Rosa Belle Knox Angie Cubbedge Harriett Scales Amanda Caldwell Valeria Rankin

KAPPA CHI SORORITY.



"They do not love it, sirs, but now and then
they take a fancy and coquette with it."

Harriett and her studies.

Tenney and walking.

Madeline Routzan and dancing.

Rosa Belle and science.

Willibert and Edna.

Agnes Watson and the Infirmary.

Amy Seay and laziness.

Rabbi and botany.

The rain and the sun.

Delta Chapter
of
Iota Phi Phi Sorority

Members

Missey Hull

Mattie Wright

Fannie Burwell

Ethel Davant

Angie Cubbedge

Amanda Caldwell



AMANDA CALDWELL



MATTIE WRIGHT



FANNIE BURWELL



MISSEY HULL



ETHEL DAVANT



ANGIE CUBBEDGE

IOTA PHI PHI SORORITY

'98 Bazaar
Netted \$50.00

Present Amount
of Fund, \$200.00



**Remember
the
November
'99
Bazaar**



Prepare dainty knick-nacks and toothsome tit-bits for
donation.

No rest until \$1,000.00 has been secured.



The Alumnae

Hope of Alma Mater's prosperity—
The Alumnae.

Mirror of Alma Mater's principles—
The Alumnae.

Exemplars of Alma Mater's virtues—
The Alumnae.

Crown of Alma Mater's efforts—
The Alumnae.

Standard bearer of Alma Mater's colors—
The Alumnae.

Defenders of Alma Mater's honor —
The Alumnae.

Protectors of Alma Mater's fame—
The Alumnae.

Herald's of Alma Mater's praise—
The Alumnae.

Promoters of Alma Mater's interests—
The Alumnae.

Succorers of Alma Mater's need—
The Alumnae.

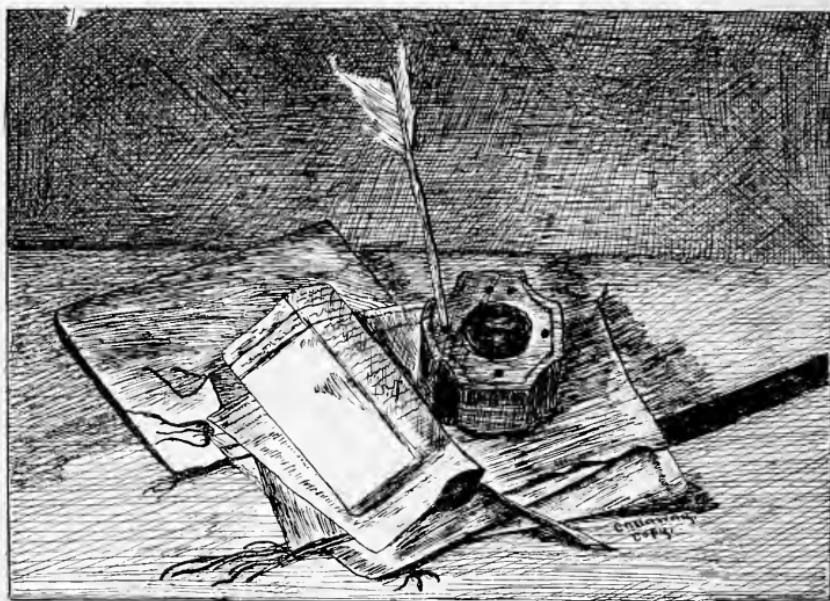
Perpetuators of Alma Mater's usefulness—
The Alumnae.

In the Laboratory

In chem. and physics awful smells
On which in dread my mind e'er dwells,
Go floating round in all their glory
And permeate the laboratory.

I smell chlorine—'twill soon be gone,
And C₂s quick passes on,
But H₂s I've found will tarry,
And it, indeed, its own can carry.

In physics breath will soon give way,
In chem. if I were forced to stay,
I'd love and praise and thank him ever
Who from my face my nose would sever.



Mnemosynean

Published Monthly

Editors-in-Chief:

EVELYN RAMSPECK, ANNIE GASH.

Business Managers:

LOULA McCLAIN, ROSE RICH.

Exchange Editor:

MARY PAYNE.

Local Editor:

MARGARET BOOTH.

Alumnae Editor:

MABEL LAWTON.



Rose Rich Mary Payne Lula McClain Mabel Lawton Margaret Booth
Annie Gash Evelyn Ramspeck

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Dramatic Club

LÉNA CRAIG,
Playwright.

VENETIA DANNER,
Grand Impersonator of the High and Mighty.

MARIE GRESS,
"As Pure and Innocent as a Lily."

MARY COOK,
Villain and Saint, by Turns.

MARY DANNER,
Adaptable to Almost Any Part.

DORA ANDERSON,
A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed.

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ROSA BELLE KNOX



LUCILE ALEXANDER



MARGARET BOOTH



HELEN LENNOX MANDEVILLE



MARY PAYNE



BERNICE CHIVERS



MARY LU DUNCAN

AURORA BOARD OF EDITORS

The Songs We Sing At Hanes Scott



PURPLE AND WHITE OF OUR ALMA MATER

Valse tempo

P

1st Soprano

2d Soprano

Bass

1. Oh, we'll for-get her nev-er To her our heads we'll

2. Now those who may de-sire it May seek an-oth-er

3. We know we'll ne'er for-get her Our thoughts will ev-er

bow..... A. S. I. shall live 'for ev-er Re-vered al-
 state. But we can not admire it; they'll never
 turn To the day when first we met her; Our hearts with
 ways as now Hail we our Al -ma Mater, Hur-
 find her mate Then hail we our Al -ma Mater, Hur-
 love will burn, Long live our Al -ma Mater, Hur-

yah for the Pur..... ple and White: Hail we our
 rah for the Pur..... ple and White; Hail we our
 rah for the Pur..... ple and White, Long live our
 Al -ma Ma - ter, Hur -rah for the Pur..... ple and White

Al -ma Ma - ter, Hur -rah for the Pur..... ple and White

Al -ma Ma - ter, Ma - Hur -rah for the Pur..... ple and White

“THE RED AND WHITE”

We love our dear old col-ors and we'll e'er to them be true, Long
From Nine-ty-five to Nine-ty-nine we've come on up the hill, Our

will we care-a-bout their wave for that is just their due, We don't
pres-ent state 'and glo-ry great we've worked for with a will, And

care for oth-er col-ors and all oth-ers we de-cline, The
now with pride we praise our class from morn till late at night, The



CHORUS.

“Candler Street To-day

[TUNE: “Auld Lang Syne.”]

Should we forget these good old days,
And Candler Street as well?

Should we forget the walks we take
In woodland and in dell?

CHORUS:

It's “Candler Street today, now, girls,
It's “Candler Street today.”
If anything could drive us mad,
It's “Candler Street today.”

On Candler Street we often walk,
To see the lovely view,
And there we never laugh and talk,
While strolling two by two.

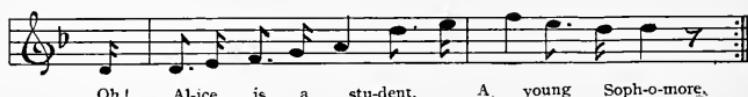
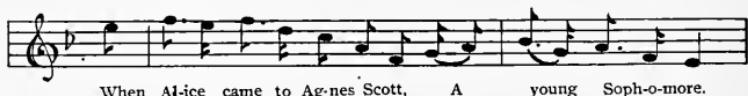
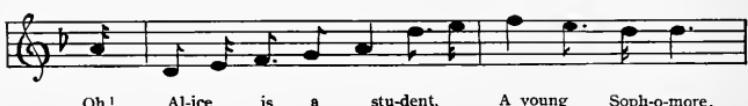
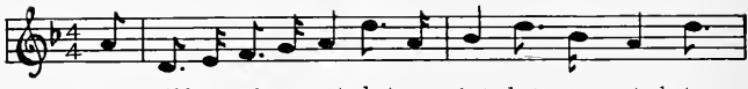
On Candler Street the sights we see
Are few and far between,
But this, you know, will train the eye
And make the vision keen.

As down that street we strolling go,
No spring is in our tread ;
We walk with measured step and slow
With feet that feel like lead.

On Candler Street we've walked so much
We know it all *by heart*,
We tired of it some years ago,
And wish to draw apart.

ALICE IS A STUDENT

[TUNE: "Charlie is My Darling."]



4 stanzas.

2. When she came out upon the car,
Her pulse beat forty-score;
She said it scared her nigh to death,
This young Sophomore.
Oh! Alice, etc.—*Cho.*
3. She'd much "gray matter" in her head,
And sense enough for four;
She came to fight for learning's might,
This young Sophomore.
Oh! Alice, etc.—*Cho.*
4. And now she's studied far and wide,
She's versed in ancient lore;
She knows near all there is to learn,
This young Sophomore.
Oh! Alice, etc.—*Cho.*



Before we make our final bow,
And tear ourselves away,
We wish to tell the others how
We have enjoyed our stay.

We are the stately Seniors,
The class of '99.
The largest in the school's history,
Wise and famous and learned are we ;
We have our dip's and now are free,
The class of '99.

As Freshmen we of course worked hard,
And each exam. did pass ;
In pleasures, pranks and studies we
Excelled each former class.

We were the frisky Freshmen,
The class of '99,
The largest in the school's hist'ry,
Fearfully frisky and funny were we,
Just as frisky as Freshmen could be,
The class of '99.

As Soph'mores we were at our posts,
As usual we "pulled thro' ",
We spent much time in work and much
In social pleasures too.

We were the giddy Soph'mores—
The class of '99,
The largest in the school's hist'ry,
Awfully gay and giddy were we,
Just as giddy as Soph's could be,
The class of '99.

As Juniors we were well employed,
Had little time to shirk,
We eagerly, successfully
Did our allotted work.

We were important Juniors—
The class of '99,
The largest in the schools hist'ry,
Important and studious there were we,
As important as Juniors could be—
The class of '99.

Our Senior year was full of joy,
And quickly it passed by,
We had upheld the dignity
Of dear old A. S. I.

We were dignified Seniors—
The class of '99.
The largest in the school's history,
Grave and dignified then were we,
As dignified then were we,
As dignified as Seniors could be,
The class of '99.

Since all our exam's are over, we
Will soon tell you farewell,
Four happy years we here have passed
And anxious are to tell

That we are happy Seniors—

The class of '99.

The largest in the school's history,
As happy as graduates ever can be,
We have our dip's and now are free,

The class of '99.



FOR THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE

The years are quick fly-ing, And time it is dying, My heart's ev-er sigh-ing, For the
days that are gone Though rude time should us sev-er, Friends meet a-gain nev-er, I'll re
-mem-ber them ev-er, For the days that are gone

'Tis sadly I'm thinking,
In dreams I am sinking,
From mem'ry's fount drinking
For the days that are gone.

And now I am learning
That with my thoughts turning
My heart's ever burning
For the days that are gone.

Nineteen Hundred

[TUNE: "John Brown's Body."]

Nineteen hundred, we're the girls of naughty
naught,
Never in trouble, except when we're caughtit,
Always learning exactly what we ought,
We're the *fin de siècle* class.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, 1900,
Glory, glory, 1900,
Glory, glory, 1900,
To the *fin de siècle* class.

Nineteen hundred, 'tis true we are but few,
Always agreeing and never in a stew,
Never doing anything that we will have to rue,
We're the *fin de siècle* class.—*Cho.*

Nineteen hundred, oh, how the days will go,
May, 1900, will be here before we know
Tout bien ou rien is our motto
We're the *fin de siècle* class.—*Cho.*

Let us drink to nineteen hundred, let us hope we
all may pass
That an A. S. I. diploma will be for each one in
the class,
That all the nineteen hundred girls may graduate
en masse
We're the *fin de siècle* class.—*Cho.*

Junior Class Song

[TUNE: "The Battle-cry of Freedom."]

We are jolly, jolly Juniors, girls, we are full of fun,
We are the class of nineteen-hundred ;
While ninety-nine has only ten we boast of ten and one,
We are the class of nineteen-hundred.

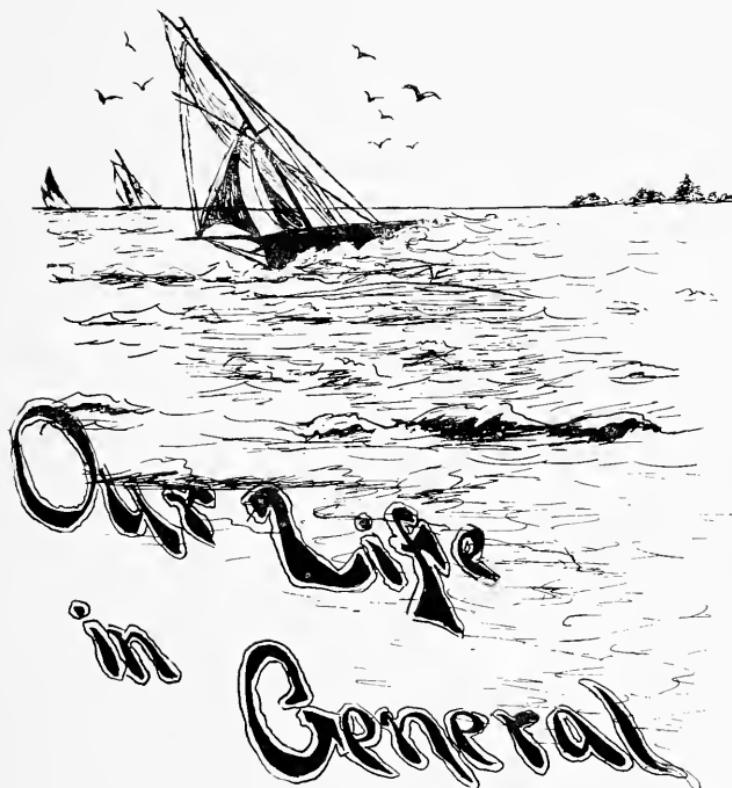
CHORUS :

Nineteen-hundred forever, hurrah, girls, hurrah !
Down with red and white, up rose and gray ;
We will bear away honors, girls, you know, you know,
We are the class of nineteen-hundred.

We will finish up "Trig" and with the Seniors quit "Chem."
We are the class of nineteen-hundred.
We've buried "Soph." troubles and have sung a funeral hymn,
We are the class of nineteen-hundred.—*Cho.*

We never use a "pony" nor a "jack" to do our work,
Raise a shout for nineteen-hundred !
About our examinations no cheatings ever lurk,
Hurrah ! Three cheers for nineteen-hundred !—*Cho.*

One more examination and our Junior work is done,
For we're the class of nineteen-hundred ;
Then our song will be "Hurrah," for our Senior days have come !
Hurrah ! Three cheers for nineteen-hundred !—*Cho.*



Instructive Information

Recently Compiled

Designed for the Use of All

THAT being, yonder, is a Senior, whose mien is characterized by haughty dignity and stateliness. This mien is caused in part by a thorough sense of their own importance and in part to the literature to which they confine themselves. Seniors delight only in Dabney's Practical Philosophy, Hopkins' Moral Science, Alexander's Evidences of Christianity, and subjects of kindred nature. This is also the cause of the settled gloom upon their faces which you may observe while you are yet at a distance. Their chief duty is to represent the dormitory floors during study-hall, and by their frequent strolls to keep Agnes Scott continually before the minds of the inhabitants of Decatur. Seniors have no recollection whatever of their Freshman days and only vaguely remember Sophomoredom. The lower classmen cannot listen to the Seniors with impunity. Once a careless little Freshman gave heed to the speech of the Seniors. She was advertised for, but has never been heard from.

The Seniors are very careful about their deportment.

That person in the distance is a Junior. Juniors are closely akin to Seniors but are less haughty and stately, and consequently are regarded with less respect. Juniors devote most of their time to envying the Seniors. They give up to the Seniors in every way. It is also their duty to prepare an annual spring banquet to the Seniors, at which they are to make themselves as

inconspicuous as possible. The Juniors are expected to take all the burdens from the Seniors and to make their paths as smooth as possible. The favorite song of the Junior is:

“ I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
With mien of stately dignity,
And face and manners bland.”

The Juniors should be treated with almost as much respect as the Seniors.

That playful creature yonder is a Sophomore. Sophomores think they know it all. Nobody agrees with them. No one ever respects the Sophomores. Sophomores spend their time in planning schemes to make people realize their importance. They also spend much time in silly amusements, such as making chocolates and singing popular songs. They always get into trouble on Hallowe'en and April Fool's.

Sophomores are not allowed on the brick walk.

You will probably see many children walking around arm in arm. Those are Freshmen. They are by far the greatest in number, but are of too little importance to receive much attention. Freshmen have been known to sing aspiringly:

“ Where, oh, where are the little Freshmen?
Where, oh, where are the little Freshmen?
Where, oh, where are the little Freshmen?
Safe in the Sophomore class.”

Freshmen receive little attention from any one and are of no trouble to any one but themselves.

That harmonious sound which you have just heard is a bell. These are rung every half hour, and every other one causes a change in recitation classes. These are a most prominent feature of our life. Four minutes are given after the ringing of the bells to allow classes to assemble, but it is “common” to take less than eight minutes to go from one class to another.

Do not pay any attention to what you now see. That is only a man, a porter probably, or a professor, or the telegraph boy. In any case it is of no importance.

This which you now observe is a grasshopper, exclusively worshipped and revered by the science classes. These insects may be found at any time in the laboratory rooms.

Now I will reward your interest and attention by a sight of the brick walk. This is the most popular resort. There are some interesting facts connected with it: fifteen strolls up and down it constitute a mile walk; the car track and the brick walk end very near together; the car stops at the terminus for five minutes; the brick walk is most popular just before and after dinner and supper, and immediately after church. Below is given a poem which every one should know:

I like to watch the Seniors,
I like to hear them talk,
I like to see them strolling,
Upon the old brick walk.

They're full of mirth and gayness,
They seem to like to tease,
They're very far above us,
They're very hard to please.

If ever I'm a Senior,
I want to be like these;
I'll patronize the brick walk,
It's blessings I will seize.





Amen Corner—East end, 2nd floor.

Pigeon's Roost—West end, 2nd floor.

Best Restaurant—R. Lewis', 2nd floor, room 49. (See ad. in back of book).

“Ye Olde Book Shop”—Window sill in English room.

Most Popular Promenade—Brick walk.

Tennis Court—A fictitious walk on the west side of the Institute—much preferred to Candler street.

Hopkins' Avenue—2nd floor leading to room 59. Easily found on account of well worn path.

Room 59—The Confessional.

The Office—Mr. Gilmore's dwelling.

Telephone—In the office, generally out of fix when not in use.

Room 93 or 100—Where the Siamese twins may be found.

Saint's Rest—Room 72.

The Most Sociable Room in School—Mattie, Fannie and Amanda's.

The 3rd Floor Reception Rooms—The trunks just outside rooms 93, 94, 95 and 96.

The Most Popular Swing—The one over by the Patillo's.

The Local Editor's Room—96, 3rd floor. (Visitors are warned not to stop).

The General Meeting Place—The English room.

Agnes Scott Parlors—Where the Teacher's Art Club meets.

The Chapel—1st floor, a place where it's always cold.

The Side Gate—Leads out to car track. (Warning—be careful about crossing the track).

The Laboratory—A place where most offensive smells are manufactured and where "everything is lacking."

Decatur—Where Agnes Scott is.

That is it's name as given above,

It's called "Directory".

But all are changed so much, you see,

It might be named "Correctory".





“Mighty.”

“Can’t you be more specific?”

“Too bad!”

“You old sweet thing.”

“Miss Hopkins would like to speak to the young ladies for a few minutes after prayers.”

“For you must be a lover of the Lord!”

“Pestalozzi!”

Failure of Dr. Arbuckle’s science classes.

“De Pontibus!”

“Get a holt of.”
Herr Saul’s jokes.
Miss McKinney searching for “The Marble Faun.”
Emma Wesley’s allusions to Horace Mann.
Rosa Belle’s and Margie’s vocal productions.
“Eminently !”
I hope the class will do better on examinations
“Oh, you horrid thing !”
“Old Scheele.”
“That’s curious !”
Miss McKinney’s miscalling names.
“Right wonderful !”
Dr. Arbuckle on the needs of the laboratory.
“You may put your outlines on the board.”
Lill and Ethel !
Nannie and Mable.
Dr. Arbuckle’s intimations as to his age.
Dr. Gaines’ pet descriptive adjective.
Harriet and Sybil’s “confabs.”
“Exams !”
“The death-agony of the Institute of Yvedrew.” (For any information consult members of Senior normal class or refer to The Life and Works of Pistalozzi !)
Rabbi’s yarns and Hilda’s yawns.
Sybil’s complaints.
“You dun no, do you?”
The Little Bay !
The demand for nickles at recess.
“Somebody has my heart.”
Bernice’s plaid skirt.
Bessie’s timidity.
“The bull dog on the bank and the bull frog in the pool,” etc.
(song).
Mary Bynum and Belle.

Miss Hopkins' pet expression of grief !
The big table in the library !
Rabbi's Tuesday and Thursday cry, " I'm going to stop Bible
to-day."

" So ! "

Characteristics ? Significance ? For explanation see Dr.
Gaines' Bible students.

The Atomic Theory !

Ethel's and May's jokes.

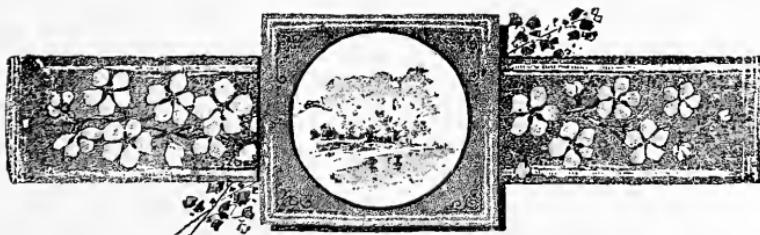
" The infirmities of the musical faculty."

Harriett's interrogations !

" The law of conditioning and conditioned."

" Essays."

" Now if we just had a board."





Information Volunteered

TO NEW COMERS:—The president of the Institution is not Miss Agnes Scott.

TO SENIORS:—It is not well to boast too much; there is a disease called the “big head.”

TO THE INEXPERIENCED:—Dr. Gaines is not so terrible as he is painted.

MISSIE:—You can make your pompadour higher and hair stiffer by using paste or electric starch.

TO FRESHMEN:—The Juniors are supposed to be the best friends of the Freshmen.

MADELINE.—You may obtain poetry, 10 c. per foot from Miss Adora Anderson, dealer in Sonnets, Elegies, Dactylic Hexameter, Spencerian Stanza and Alexandrian. Sold also by the yard and mile. It is not good for the brain, however, to memorize and repeat so much of it.

LOTTIE:—Your voice, you say, is weak. A most efficacious remedy would be for you to remain for at least six weeks in the same room with Harriett and not fail to answer fully every one of her questions.

ROSA BELLE;—We think it very injurious to your mind and body to study trigonometry so diligently. You should give some one else a chance for the medal.

MATTIE:—You ask of the propriety of entertaining more than ten young gentlemen in the parlor at one time. This is an exceedingly difficult question to decide, when such a popular young lady, as your note implies you are, is concerned. The young gentlemen must suffer this time; eight seems to us an elegant sufficiency.

MATTIE COBB:—It is very distracting to the mind to be so in love with a teacher as not to be able to recite to her. This is a very singular case, we cannot advise you.

EZRA:—The grind editor has consented not to grind you and Lucy together.

TO FRESHMEN:—When you arrive at Agnes Scott be sure and have ready answers to the following questions :

What course are you taking ?

What floor do you live on ?

Where are you from ?

Have you been home-sick ?

Do you take Dr. Gaines' Bible ?

MISS MELSON:—No, we will not grind you on sleeping. Every-one knows you like to sleep.

OLIVIA:—You ask about the Spring Styles. We refer you to Mademoiselle Lewis, Modiste.

ETHEL:—Your a's may be broadened by a little more practice.

VALERIA:—The Blue-back Speller will better your orthography.

MARGARET:—We refer you to Miss Duncan's "Notes on Propriety," page 30, Chapter V.

SALLIE GEORGE:—Reed and Kellogg's Grammar would be an excellent aid.

MARIE:—Some other expression than "darlingest," might be appropriate at times.

WILLIBERT:—It is hard to decide between the two, but it is better to love them both alike, than one more than the other.

HARRIETT:—It is not good taste to ask so many questions. It is also boring and troublesome to your friends or those who may be around you.

SIBYL:—We can think of no remedy for fickleness; only will power and true devotion would be the slightest aid toward curing you of this sad affliction.

VENETIA:—The only advice we can give you is, that you should imitate more closely your younger sister Mary.

CARRIE:—It is not just the thing to tease and then not be able to stand being teased.



What Sir Mouse Saw

*“Crackers and Ham!
Ker-Flip! Ker-Flum!
We like olives
Crackers and ham!”*

“Ah, mercy on me! What are these girls doing *now?*” said Sir Mouse, despairingly, cowering back in his hole in the wall behind the register.

“They’re at it again! Why can’t they be quiet?”

*“Third Floor! Third floor!
No more! No more!
We are the best!
Not like the rest!”*

“Well, I’m just obliged to see what the racket is about. Here goes (courageously). It’s some of those third floor girls, I know; I heard ‘em yell, and besides they are always making a terrible noise.” Sir Mouse crept timorously up through the wall to the radiator, and after making sure that he could not be seen, sought its friendly shadow in a spot where he could have a clear and unobstructed view of the whole room. In the room might be seen about forty girls. They were sitting on the floor, on the bed, perched on its foot, on the tables, trunks, chairs, and one fair maiden adorned the top of the book-case between a marble bust of Beethoven and a stack of German books.

“Did I hear some one say salad? They must be eating something. That’s the reason they are making so much noise and look so contented.”

They became quieter and fixed their attention on a tall girl sitting on the table. She said something rapidly and counted, “One, two, three.”

“ *Rah! Rah! Rah!*
 Ri! Ri! Ri!
 Vive la! Vive la!
 A. S. I. ”

Sir Mouse scampered back to his hole in a manner totally unbecoming his dignity.

“ Why on earth do they shout those terrible things! Well, I intend to watch and see what they say and do. Why, there’s another girl coming in! Look! She’s raking those silver toilet articles aside with one sweep and now she’s sitting on the bureau. What’s that she’s saying? ”

“ Girls, throw me some drumsticks and a half dozen beaten biscuits.”

In obedience to her demand, articles of food began to fly towards her and she seemed to be besieged, but she caught them all deftly and then settled herself to besiege them.

“ Ah-h! I see,” squeaked Sir Mouse. “ It’s a feast. One of those girls has just received a box from home and has invited the others in to help her eat. What did that girl on the book-case say? ”

“ Margaret, let us have some more croquettes.”

“ Why, look at that girl. Her name is Margaret. She’s diving under the bed. She must be a mouse, too. Why here she comes out again dragging a box with her. What makes those other girls jump after it so. I see. It’s full of croquettes. Now, they are pitching them up to the girl on the book-case. Just look! That Margaret has disappeared under the bed again. She has pushed out another box. Look at the nuts and fruits. What are those girls in the window seat giggling about? Oh, they have stolen all the chicken salad and the others do not know it. Why is that girl on the book-case kicking her heels against it so? She is trying to make the girls be quiet so she can make a speech and the girls on the foot of the bed are pitching beaten biscuit at her. Look! one hit her on the head, but she didn’t mind that for she has stuck one biscuit in her mouth and is throwing the other back.

See that girl! She fell off the foot of the bed she was laughing so. I wonder if she hurt herself. No, the girls on the floor caught her. What is that? *Oh dear!* what are they doing? They have pulled one of the girls off the window seat and she brought every sofa pillow on there to the floor with her. They found out she had the chicken salad. Now they are singing. Listen."—

" Said the tom-cat to the owl,
 What will you have to drink?
Why, since you are so very kind,
 I'll take a bottle of ink."

" Now it's 'On the Wabash.' Look at that girl on the bureau. She is trying to eat a croquette and sing, 'He certainly was good to me,' at the same time. Those girls on the bed are throwing pillows at her. Look at those girls lying on the floor with their heads on top of each other. Listen at them starting another song."

" It rained all day the night I left,
 The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death,
 Susannah, don't you cry."

" Oh dear! Oh *dear*, dear! What is that awful sound. Why, they are all getting up to go. What's that they say? Whistle? Why, yes, I remember. There they go, singing, "Good night, ladies." In fifteen minutes the lights will be out and then I'll bring my family up. By daylight there won't be a crumb on the floor."



Aurora Board Meeting

TIME:—3 p. m., Tuesday.

PLACE:—English Recitation Room.

(Enter associate editors and business managers.)

EDITOR IN CHIEF, (her head bowed over her book,) murmuring snatches from Dabney, (looking up in utter surprise):—Oh, this is the Board Meeting!

Miss K—ox, astounded:—Great goodness, you were not expecting us? My mince pie!! My precious mince pie!!! To think I only got one bite.

Miss B—th:—The sign was on the bulletin board. I rushed frantically from the dining-room as the three o'clock bell rang. Didn't wait for dessert. And they had mince pie— — —

EDITOR IN CHIEF, rapping on the table sternly:—We will have the report from the business managers.

MISS CH—e—s:—Our discouragements are overwhelming. Geo. Muse, Clothier, refuses to advertise with us, as we can not patronize him.

Miss A—x—nd—r:—But, he must remember, we now have four gentlemen in the faculty.

Miss D—ne—n:—Mellin's Food Company agrees to advertise, but insists on paying in Mellin's Food.

Miss R—yn:—Horrors, what could we do with it?

Miss B—th:—Why it will be the very easiest thing in the world to dispose of, owing to the numerous additions to our nursery.

Miss D—ne—n:—The butter man also is to pay us in butter.

Miss P—yn:—We can use every bit of it at our table. I'm sure Miss B. and Miss M. would buy the last pound of it.

EDITOR IN CHIEF:—Have we decided on the buckram cover?

Miss Ch—er:—With the rising sun on it?

Miss B—th:—For pity sakes, what is that for?

Miss A—x—nd—r:—AURORA, of course.

Miss P—yn:—I'll refer you to Mrs.—aw—Rorer for that.

EDITOR IN CHIEF, *solemnly*:—The associate editors must get grinds on every one possible, girls and faculty, the AURORA Board excepted—

MISS K—OX, (*interrupting*):—Of course.

MISS P—YN—:—I have a proposition to put before the board: Miss M. E. R. informs me that if her picture be allowed to go into Junior instead of the Sophomore Class, she will buy six annuals.

MISS K—OX:—I move the proposition be accepted.

MISS CH—V—S:—We are sadly in need of funds.

MISSES D—CE N, P—YN— AND B—TH in chorus:—The Juniors move it be put to a vote.

EDITOR IN CHIEF, *after vote is cast*:—Miss M. E. R.'s. picture will remain in the Sophomore Class.

MISS AL—X—N—R:—

“ Sophomore thou was’t,
Sophomore thou art,
Sophomore thou ever shalt be.”

GRIND EDITOR, *in despair*:—My life is one horrid grind. This morning I had several of the best jokes I ever had, and no less than three girls have mysteriously taken me off today to say, “Oh, I promised so and so to keep that joke on her out of the AURORA,” and of course I must smile broadly and say, “The pleasure’s all mine.”

MISS B—TH:—That’s nothing to what I have been through. I read my *chef d’œuvre* to my room-mate and she asked if my little brother wrote it.

MISS AL—AN—R:—A poem has been handed me, signed H. S., which in my opin—

MISS K—OX, *as usual interrupting*:—I move that Miss Sc—a—le— be prohibited from writing poetry for the AURORA.

EDITOR IN CHIEF, *rapping on the desk*:—Miss Al—x—de— has the floor.

MISS K—OX, *irrelevantly*:—And may also have the door, for there goes the 3:30 bell and I must go to pen-sketching.

MISS AL—AN—ER:—There is my car.

EDITOR IN CHIEF, *sighing*:—My music time.

MISSES P—YN— AND B—TH:—Oh, horrors, there’s the walking bell !

(*Board noisily disperses.*)

Sundays at Agnes Scott

SUNDAYS at Agnes Scott differ from the other days of the week as much as summer from winter. There is not a girl in the Institute who does not welcome the Sabbath day with its rest and quiet, its lack of half hour bells, its freedom from the work and interruption of the week; who does not lay aside her books on Saturday night with a sigh of relief and pleasure in anticipation of the day of rest between her and renewed work. At half-past seven on Sundays the rising bell rings and the house awakes. At eight, breakfast is served, and after breakfast the interval till nine o'clock is filled in different ways by different girls. Some go to their rooms and arrange them for the day; some walk on the campus or sit beneath the shade of the trees, chatting or looking over the Sabbath lessons; some go to the library to prepare special topics for the lesson; some gather in chapel and practice gospel hymns. At nine the bell rings for Sunday-School, which is held in the chapel of the Institute. During the hymns, readings and prayers, the girls sit in the chapel arranged according to classes, and at class time go to different recitation rooms for the lessons. After the lessons they assemble in chapel again for the last hymn, and then disperse to their



rooms to prepare for church. At a quarter before eleven the bell for church is rung, the roll is called in the first floor hall, and the household goes to church. The attendance is in general upon the Presbyterian church in Decatur, though members of other denominations frequently attend their own churches, and, when they wish it, the girls may go, only two at a time, unless on special occasions, to church in Atlanta. After church the brick walk is largely patronized and the benches on the campus, some of the girls, however, seeking the coolness of the galleries or the retirement of the library or their own rooms.

At half-past one comes dinner, the best of the week, and Sunday dinner is not lightly to be regarded. From the end of dinner till three o'clock the girls are variously occupied, and from three to four is meditation hour. Perhaps this period was given that name in lieu of a better, yet it is essentially a *meditation* hour to some. And how welcome it is in a life of interruptions to have one hour absolutely free from disturbances, to be used as the will and conscience dictate. By rule the house is quiet during this time, so there is nothing to disturb the calmness. This is the time which may be specially used for the long, heart-relieving letters home, and for other things too sweet and sacred to tell or write of. To many of the girls who are growing into womanhood here this meditation hour has proved a blessing indeed.

At half past five supper is served and from ten minutes past six till seven the meeting of the Christian Band is held. The girls are not urged by rule to attend these meetings, yet most of them do so and take part in them. After Christian Band the girls may attend evening services at the Decatur churches, though they are not required to do so as in the morning. More often, however, a group of girls gather around one of the pianos in the chapel and there practice our Sunday songs. At nine o'clock the whistle blows, and at half-past nine the building is dark.

This, almost a bare outline with but meagre details, represents Sunday at Agnes Scott, according to external affairs. Think

of the hearts and souls of the girls who spend their Sundays here and you will get a better idea of what goes on beneath. The memories of Sundays spent here may last a life-time and be far-reaching in their effects.

The lengthy halls of Agnes Scott
Familiar are to each,
We'll never know how dear to us.
Till they are out of reach.



On

Themselves stuck—the Senior Class.
Miss Morrow's face—a pleasant smile, generally.
Sunday night—regular excitement.
Dr. Arbuckle's brow—a worried frown during examination period.
The table every Sunday—oranges for dessert.
The track of wrong-doers—Miss Hopkins.
A jack—a ride to perfect recitations.
The Aurora rule book—“Don't make fun of the Faculty; they don't like it.”
On Mabel Lawton's table—her lamp; no room for anything else.
Any subject—essays.
The bulletin board—general information.
The office table—the latest magazines, for a week.
The wardrobe door—rules. These, read with the proper accent and energy will cultivate the voice and entertain an audience.
One's mind—tomorrow's recitations.
The lamps hanging in the hall—“Please knock on the door of —— at —— o'clock in the morning.”
The room doors frequently—“Please don't knock.”
The brick walk—promenaders.
The infirmary door—“No admission to visitors.”
The window sill in the English room—lost books.

The Brick Walk

We promenade by day, by night,
At eve, by early morning light,
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
From Autumn days 'till first of June,
When darkness all the world obscures
And charm of Summer night allures,
Upon the old brick walk.

We never think of counting hours,
The very bricks seem turned to flowers,
While there the world seems ever young,
And not a girl that has not sung
Our college songs of man and maid,
As up and down we promenade
Upon the old brick walk.

It's there we walk from day to day,
The Seniors grave and Freshmen gay,
Letters are read and schemes are planned,
While arm in arm, and hand in hand
The girls are strolling to and fro,
And up and down they ever go,
Upon the old brick walk.

When girlish days have passed us by,
And womanhood is drawing nigh,
If mem'ry turn with motion fleet,
The joys of former days to greet,
Though we forget a once known book,
We'll all recall the strolls we took
Upon the old brick walk.



THE BRICK WALK.

Senior Decisions

“H ELEN, wait! Where are you going?”

And Helen Davenport, who was hurrying across the campus to the main building, slackened her pace to allow her friend to reach her. Her fellow-Senior came swiftly toward her, they clasped each other around the waist, fell into step, and went on together chatting. They strolled past several groups, in one the girls lying comfortably on the grass, in others about fifteen sitting on one bench, and others in the swings. One group hailed them gaily and asked them to stop, but they smilingly shook their heads and passed on followed by the gaze of the girls.

“That’s a regular Damon and Pythias affair,” said a Sophomore who was sitting on the grass with her back against a tree.

“It’s of long duration, too,” responded a Junior. “They’ve been here together four years and their friendship began in their first Freshman term.

“It’s a strange friendship to me,” said another Junior. “They are such opposites, but they have been classmates and firm friends ever since I came. They have both changed materially since the time when I first knew them; then they were Sophomores, and a more reckless, madder two I never saw.”

“Did *those* two Seniors ever get into trouble?” asked a Freshman in amazement. “Why, they are so dignified *now!*”

“It’s the weight of their experience upon them,” said a sister Sophomore, tickling the ear of the first speaker with a blade of grass. “You’ll be that way yourself, Sue, three years from now.”

“Never!” said Sue emphatically, turning over and calmly laying her head in her friend’s lap. “I’d rather be gay and giddy.”

“Yes; and lie on the grass and watch the cars come in,” said a Sophomore who was strumming on a guitar.

Meanwhile, the two friends walked on together, nodding to other girls as they passed, unconscious of the interest with which

they were regarded, for the friendship of these two Seniors was looked upon as a curious fact.

"Helen, have you written that essay on Browning's Ideals of Poetry?"

"Not yet, Alice. I was just going over to the library to work on it. I have my material all selected."

"Fortunate girl! I have not even thought about mine." Then, as the strains of a two-step reached them, "Are you going to the dance in the gym. tomorrow night? You know the girls expect you to lead it, don't you?"

"Yes, but I can't possibly go. It seems to me that my work is piling up steadily, and the more I do, the more I have to do."

"To him that hath shall be given," laughed Alice. "But don't work yourself to death, dear. Well, here are the steps. Good bye, I must go to the chorus class."

And the two friends separated, one going to the library and the other making her way to the chapel. When Helen went in she found the library deserted save for one solitary Sophomore, who sat on the floor before the history-reference book-case, surrounded by a heap of books, and with a worried frown on her brow. She responded to Helen's "Good evening," and then said imploringly, "Won't you tell me where to look up the Reform Laws? I have a special topic for Monday." And Helen, smiling at the recollection of her own Sophomore "special topics," obligingly gave the references, much to the gratitude of the girl on the floor; then collecting her own reference books she seated herself at one of the small tables and began to write briskly, not heeding the gaze of the admiring Sophomore who regarded enviously the superior attainments of the upper classman. For almost two hours she wrote steadily, and then glancing over the last closely written pages, with a sigh of satisfaction, she gathered them up and started on up to her own room.

The five o'clock mail had just come in and on the table she found a letter from her father. To prevent interruptions she stuck a "Don't knock" on the door with a smile at its pricked appearance, telling a tale of the signs of the past, and throwing herself in her reclining chair she leaned back among the pillows to read her letter. "My dear daughter," it read, "I am much gratified at your expressed wish to go to college, and I desire to say that you have my full consent and approval. I have often wondered if

you would be satisfied with a preparatory course, even though it should be as high as the one you are now taking, and I am glad to find that you are not. I see that you have not yet made up your mind, and I trust that you will soon decide, for I especially desire that you should have a college course." The letter went on for several pages and finally ended, "Your loving Father," but Helen pondered especially over the opening lines,

As she was lying back thinking she heard a chorus of gay voices call from beneath her window, "Helen! Helen!" At first she paid no attention to them, but as the call continued she rose with a half shrug of impatience and went to the window. She leaned out and looking down saw a group of Seniors below her.

"Helen!" they cried when they saw her, "Come on! We are going over in town to Bates'. There is a monkey over there and Bates has sent word that he has some chocolate cream for sale. Come on! Oh, *do* come on!" as they saw her hesitate.

"Can't do it this afternoon, girls; too busy. There are attractions superior to monkeys and even to chocolate cream."

"If you don't come down, Helen, I'll come up and get you," threatened merry Alice Graham, shaking her fist up at the window. "The world will wag on even if you don't know your ethics for your next recitation."

Still Helen shook her head. "Well, watch out then!" And amidst screams of laughter a great bunch of roses came flying up towards her. Up, up it came, actually to the third floor, and, with great credit to the thrower, sailed in her window.

"I know there's a pebble in that," said Helen, as she sat down on the floor to dodge it, and then catching it up, she appeared at the window again and waved it at the departing girls as they went off, waving back at her and singing, "Shall Candler Street e'er be forgot?" She watched them as they left the gates of the campus and crossed the railroad, still singing, and then sat down to think again. From her desk she took another letter just received that morning.

"My darling Helen," this one ran. "You can make me even more happy than I am now by promising to become my wife next spring."

Tap! tap! at the door.

"Come!" called Helen, wondering who dared knock over her sign. "Come in," as another Senior appeared.

"Have you an engagement for nine o'clock this evening, Helen?"

"No," inquiringly.

"Then suppose we try at the Greek roots together then."

"Very well, I shall be glad to study with you. I'll be in my room at that time." And as the door closed she turned back to her letter.

"You cannot know, Helen, how anxiously I have waited for your decision. You will finish your course in May, and in a year from that time will you not become my wife? Make your decision as soon as you can and make it for that time."

Here Helen made a sudden movement, and then her hands dropped nervelessly in her lap. The books on the table near her came to the floor with a crash, but she did not heed them. She leaned forward, staring in front of her with unseeing eyes. She thought rapidly. Tomorrow was full of work for her. She was swamped by another essay, and extra work and special topics poured in upon her like a flood. She must go to town in the afternoon, attend to some business, see the dressmaker, take her book in to study on the car, and then come back to study after midnight. How should she ever get her work done? Yes, she must decide this matter immediately. She could not let it weigh on her and distract her attention. She would sum up the case.

She loved her lover. That she knew. She had engaged herself to him without her father's consent or knowledge, but she knew his consent to her marriage would be freely granted. She was nineteen years old; would be nearly twenty "next spring;" it would take her two years to finish her college course. She loved her lover now, but she thought that under the distracting influences of college life, she would soon cease to do so. Still she sat leaning forward, thinking as the twilight of the spring evening came on. From her window she could see the lights beginning to twinkle in the village below; she could hear the voices of the girls on the campus; she heard her class-mates singing on the brick walk. Up to her floated.

"Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?
Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?
Where, oh where are the grave old Seniors?
Safe in the wide, wide world."

She loved her father. It was his wish that she should go to college. She, herself, wished to go, but she could not make up her mind — she loved her lover, now.

And as she sat there, the sound of the supper bell, coming up from below, broke into her reverie. "Next spring! Well, I love him. I cannot disappoint him."

And turning to her desk, she took up her pen and wrote:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—

I have, at length, decided to go to college next fall."



The Bulletin Board

What is it marked with bruise and dent,
Whose face is pricked with pins so bent
They make it look all torn and rent?

The bulletin board.

What is it we must contemplate?
What is it truly seals our fate,
Which we're referred to soon and late?
The bulletin board.

What sometimes makes us turn away,
And then again can send a ray
Of sunshine on a gloomy day?
The bulletin board.

What is it in the first floor hall
Which darkly gazes on us all?
What seems to beckon and to call?
The bulletin board.

What speaks to us of work each day?
What by its face these words does say,
"In science there's a matinee" ?
The bulletin board.

What has the most expressive face
Of any seen by human race?
What has a lack of gentle grace?
The bulletin board

What is it pasted up and down
With notices of "Lost" and "Found,"
With signs which draw the girls around?
The bulletin board.

What makes announcements gay and grave?
And what can toil and labor save,
But yet our paths with hardships pave?
The bulletin board.

Revision of the faculty

SCHOOL OF ENGLISH.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND RHETORIC,
MISS HILDA SCHAEFER.

In this department particular attention and considerable time are devoted to *Style*. Pupils required to consult frequently the following authorities:

“*L'art de la Mode*,” “*Bon Ton*,” “*Delineator*,” etc.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,
MISS ADELIA EVELYN RAMSPECK.

Principles of correct writing inculcated by *weakly* themes. Pupils also encouraged to try their hand at *verse*. Rhythm carefully explained, special consideration being devoted to this particular phase; *loga-(rithm)*. *Blank* verse not acceptable.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR OF THE “OLOGIES,”
(Including Chromology, Ap(e)ology, Angelology, Etc., Etc.,)
MISS EULALIE LAWTON AND HER ASSOCIATES.

In the study of Zoology it is essential that each pupil spend all her spare moments in trying to keep an amoeba still long enough to count its arms.

Grasshoppers always at the disposal of students.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS,
MISS NANNIE WINN.

Off and on during the term, eminently great lecturers address the class on the foundation principles of science. The following may be expected:

“The Validity of the Atomic Theory,” by Prof. Mary E. Barker.

“The Hydrostatic Paradox,” by Prof. Mary Elizabeth Jones.

PROFESSOR OF (G) ASTRONOMY,
MISS ETHEL ALEXANDER.

Fort(nightly) lessons. Text, "The Dixie Cook-Book."

SCHOOL OF THE BIBLE.

RABBI EZRA ROBINS.

SCHOOL OF MATHEMATICS.

PROFESSOR OF THE HIGHER BRANCHES,
MISS ROSA BELLE KNOX.

Pupils well grounded in the art of "working sums" with a view to aiding them in the comprehension of "chemical reactions." No text-book used. All instruction given orally and in exercises on the black board.

Lecturer :—Prof. Imogene Julia Killian. Subject, "The Crooked Line."

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

ALICE LUCILE ALEXANDER, PH. D.

This course occupies two years—the work of the first being the "Outline Study of Man," as a condition for that of the second, viz., "The Law of Love."

Dr. Thyrza Askew instructs in the methods of attaining the greatest efficiency of the tongue as a necessary qualification for the recitation of Dabney's "Practical Philosophy."

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

PEDAGOGUE,
MISS EMMA LAURA WESLEY.

Specific instructions given in "How to be a school-teacher in case of matrimonial disappointment."

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Greek—Miss Helen Lennox Mandeville, Tutor. Text-book, "Tanglewood Tales."

Latin—Miss Martha Cobb Howard. “Pliny's (old) Letters” deciphered, commented upon and giggled at by both teachers and pupils.

French—Miss Mary Lu Duncan. Special course designed for those expecting to visit Paris in 1900.

SCHOOL OF HISTORY.

MISS RUTH MURPHEY CANDLER.

This course of instruction embraces the history of civilization from its inception to its final overthrow. Names, dates, details insisted upon.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

VOICE CULTURE AND THE ART OF SINGING,
MISS MABEL LAWTON.

Exercises for gaining control of the tongue and soft palate and proper methods of blending tones of different pitch. Artistic delivery a specialty.

Harmony—Miss Margaret Booth, Instructor; Miss Rosa Belle Knox, Assistant Instructor.

Harmonic accompaniment to give melody.

DUETS—“Last Night as I Ate Ham and Chicken,” etc.; “The Bull-Dog on the Fence, and the Bull-Frog in the Pool,” etc.

MUSICAL SCIENCE.

MISS JEANNETTE CRAIG.

Before entering at once into this science pupils are taught to distinguish readily and appreciate the “phenomena of sound,” e.g. “Gentle taps” at 12:59 p. m. from the technique of Herr Saul.

REQUISITES FOR CERTIFICATES.

1. Total abandonment of stage fright.
2. Ability to read by sight and sing by heart.
3. Ability to reach three octaves above middle C without standing on tip-toes and making faces at the audience.

First Honor awarded student who, on commencement morning, most impressively and pathetically renders *one* of the following selections:

“There is Rest for the Weary,” or “Good-bye, My Honey, I’m Gone.”

SCHOOL OF ART.

DRAWING (sighs and spirogyra specialties),
MISS SIBYL BETHEL.

PAINTING (Agnes Scott in glowing colors),
MISS RUSHA WESLEY.

(RE)MODELING (any old thing),
MISS MARY PAYNE.

SKETCHING (?) (for the AURORA),
MISS HELEN LENNOX MANDEVILLE.

N. B.—Besides Miss Bethel’s department in drawing there is a special course designed, and under the control of Miss Annie Jean Gash, for those “who never could draw and know they never can.”

MISCELLANIES.

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION,
MISS MABEL LAWTON.

Reading “*con expressione*.”

DIRECTOR OF GYMNASTICS,
MISS ADDIE FLOYD ARNOLD.

Pupils taught to assume dignified, but easy and graceful carriage.

PROFESSORS OF PENMANSHIP,
PERPENDICULAR STYLE—MISS ANNIE JEAN GASH.

HIEROGLYPHICS—F. H. GAINES, D. D.

An Agnes Scott Romance

I.

POP—SIS—S—S ! a naughty little exclamation, and Margaret was speedily, not to say gracefully, deposited upon the roadside—not, alas, the convenient, grassy roadside of fiction, which is always ready to receive the heroine as she falls from runaway horses, etc.; but the very rockiest, dustiest and most uncomfortable one that even our common-place old Georgia can furnish. She picked herself up slowly, just in time to see the last girl vanish around the corner, and then realized she was five miles from home, with a knee "which she knew was broken," a very much shaken-up feeling, and last—but not least by any means, my friends—a scratched face. It didn't take long, however, for the bewilderment produced by her sudden fall to change into dismay as my bummed-up heroine thought on her various troubles. Yes, she was a goose. She might have known better than to try these horrid roads in such dusty weather. She knew Miss Bidwell would forget all about her—there were so many girls and she might have to stay here all night—she was hot—and then the pathos of her situation so overcame her that she forgot her dignity as a Senior, forgot her usual scorn of "cry babies," the little red cap with its white '99 sank upon her knees, and in a moment Margeret was sobbing in a most approved and desperate manner.

Now those tears *should* only have added to her charms, her mussed hair been vastly becoming, etc., so that when the hero appeared on the scene all his senses would be paralyzed by her pathetic yet dazzling beauty; but truth compels me to state that the spectacle that meet Rausson Collier's eye, as in answer to his embarrassed "Er—r, I beg your pardon,"—Margaret raised her head, was not very prepossessing. A pair of dusty hands had not improved the scratched face, and the combination of these two

with "weeps," was, to say the least of it, not becoming to Margaret's style of beauty.

But she wasn't one bit embarrassed, and as Rausson said afterward, he thought she would have hugged him then and there if he hadn't backed away. However this may be, there was undoubtedly joy in her face that shone through dirt and all as she exclaimed: "Oh, I never was so glad to see anyone in my life, and will you please take me home at once?" her voice so full of relief and satisfaction that the grave face of that young man was constrained to break into a smile. "I'll do the best I can," he answered, "but you'll have to tell me where you live. Do you guess you could ride home? I thought you might be hurt from ——"

Gloom again settled over the dust-begrimed face. "No," she admitted. "I can't. I forgot for the minute, but I hurt my knee—sprained it, I'm afraid—and oh, me! Miss Hopkins will never believe it wasn't all arranged. What shall I do?"

"Well, I'll fix your wheel first," said Rausson, "and then we'll see what can be done," and forthwith set to work to mend the puncture, as tho' glad to escape this very talkative young person, who now sat and watched him from under her long, brown lashes. It was a more attractive sight than he had seen, I must confess. A tall, strong, grave-looking young fellow in a brown bicycle suit—a young man who, to all appearances, was decidedly embarrassed, and her decision was: "He looks like an athlete and a preacher, too. He's evidently shy, but awfully good-looking. Oh, I know—he's one of the theological students from Emory—that's just it. And he's going up to Atlanta on his wheel." Everything fitted in so nicely—and Margaret concluded that, as a "preacher," he needed drawing out, so she at once commenced that operation; but just as she was about to say something Rausson finished his task and came toward her, and said in the same rather hesitating voice: "Suppose you try to stand up. Then, if you are not hurt too badly, and can mount your wheel, I think I can push you. And, er—er—your face is—" here he broke off, and tendered a clean handkerchief.

"Poor fellow," thought Margaret. "He's scared to death. Oh, I must be a fright!" and the humor of the situation so overcame her that she gave vent to the merriest and most unexpected little giggle imaginable. This was almost the straw that broke the camel's back, and with a queer little choke, Rausson turned

abruptly away to hide the laugh he so longed to have. But he conquered his risibles in a moment, and when he looked down at Margaret again, he decided that she wouldn't be half bad-looking if her face was clean. She had dimples — and Rausson had a decided weakness for dimples. She apologized for her unseemly mirth in a frank little way, that made the young fellow's impression deepen.

"You must excuse me, but somehow all seemed so funny I just couldn't help it." (She had such a cute way of looking up at a fellow.) "And to think only yesterday I was mourning over the monotony of life. But I guess this is just a little too much variety," as her knee gave a twinge. "There's a spring right down here," he said, "and we'll see if you can get that far, and what the prospects are to get you home." Again, that contagious little laugh, as Margaret thought again of her face. He went on: "I'm Rausson Collier, from —." He paused again, and she thinking it from embarrassment, tried to help him out.

"Oh, yes, you are one of the '*theologicals*' from Emory, aren't you? I knew it!" (triumphantly.) Again, it seemed as if Rausson was to depart this life by strangulation, but, with difficulty, he saved himself and resumed his grave smile. "How did you manage to guess it?" he exclaimed in wondering admiration. "Only it's the University, not Emory."

Then he helped her up, and slowly they started toward the spring, which, after many squeals from Margaret, was finally reached, and where, with the aid of the handkerchief, her face, plus the scratches, looked quite natural. When she looked up at Rausson for his approval, that young man thought again: "She's not half bad looking."

Another series of movements, squeals from Margaret, encouragement from him, and at last she was safe in her saddle and trundled about half a mile to where the road crossed the car line, and where they soon took a car.

Thus far our little heroine had chatted quite gaily, but the pain in her knee was rapidly growing worse, and when the car stopped at the Institute gate she was suffering a good deal. As the tall, strong fellow looked down at the pale little face and wrinkled forehead, he didn't wait for the conductor, but gently took her up in his arms and walked briskly toward the house. Margaret's first feeling was one of resentment, and then the

thought that no exertion was necessary on her part made her forget all else in a sense of utter relief.

It was well that the two arrived when they did, for all at the Institute was confusion. Margaret had been missed only about ten minutes before, and Miss Bidwell, the teacher who had her in charge, was rapidly verging toward insanity. Miss Hopkius, the principal, was trotting up and down the halls in a most distracting manner trying to find out when the missing one had been seen last, by whom, etc., etc., while the girls, in excited groups, discussed the matter and made wild conjectures about her fate. She had been kidnapped, had run away, etc., etc., were among the most plausible of the guesses, and, indeed, the only thing not thought of was just what had happened. Patsy, Margaret's roommate, was well-nigh dissolved in tears. She was sure "her dear child was killed and only that morning she had fussed awfully because Margaret had forgotten to hang up her clothes. Yes, it was all judgment for her cruel behavior"—and just then Rausson appeared on the back porch. Patsy screamed, and it was several minutes before the harrassed little principal could succeed in disentangling Margaret from her violent embraces and getting from Rausson, who was all mixed up in the *melee*, a clear idea of what had happened. But at last things were straightened out and that young man was allowed to take his departure, vowing that the next time he saw a girl on the roadside he would ride straight by.

II.

"Well, old fellow, what luck?" "What did Dr. Candler say?" "Did you meet with any encouragement?" and a few more remarks of a like nature greeted Mr. Collier as he walked into the Athletic Club at the Aragon a short while after eight o'clock. "We've been crazy for you to get back—" "What in the mischief are you talking about?"—and then Rausson remembered that, as a member of the Athletic Association, he had been appointed to go down to Oxford and see what spirit he could stir up among the Emory boys. "Oh yes," he continued. "Well, won't you just hold up till I get some of this dust off? Then I've more than a plenty to tell you," and with these words he disappeared into the room beyond.

After awhile he rejoined them, and throwing himself lazily into the nearest chair, began. "Well, as far as my visit to Emory is concerned, I might as well have stayed here. The boys didn't enthuse worth a hardy and the few who did were promptly squelched by Shorty—I was myself. Had one talk with him in which I was requested in gentle language to mind my own biz', and pretty soon after left that patriarchal city. Had a fair run up, and—my adventure"— Here he told what my reader has already heard, not omitting a ridiculous sketch of Margaret, weeping and dust-be grimed, but forgetting to mention the thrill that went over him when the little figure lay, faint and helpless, in his arms. "Well," he said, in answer to the many questions that poured out upon him, "she wasn't exactly pretty, tho' there was something 'taking' about her. Had awfully cute dimples, but she was hopelessly young and innocent. Talked to me as if I was her grand-father and, by Jove, fellows, she thought I was a preacher—," but he got no further for his remarks were drowned in the hearty chorus of laughter that followed. "Wasn't it rich ! Collier, the biggest athlete at the U. of G., the most consummate flirt in the State—an all-around good fellow—a preacher."

"What did you say her name was?" asked Jack Dorsey who sat on the table. "Don't know,"—it was written on an envelope in his pocket—"Margaret something or other. At least that's what they all yelled when I took her in." "Well," observed Jack, "if she's much like a Margaret I know, she's not so innocent." And then after a little more chaff the talk drifted to the pig-headed Emory boys and like topics.

But several of Mr. Collier's cards and a list of instructions were left at *Nunnally's* and the *West View Floral Company* before the crowd left for Athens the next day, and inferences desired may be drawn.

III.

"Are there any chocolates left?" "Isn't this perfectly delicious?" "Oh, you darling child, we're so glad to see you again," "Hasn't he treated you royally," "Flowers and candy every other day—you lucky thing."

Margaret was holding court. The sprain proved rather a serious affair and this was the first time since the event that the

girls were allowed to see her. They were all making the most of it, and Rausson, as the source of the candy, was the topic of conversation. "He's certainly the nicest fellow I ever met; its awful he's a preacher" said Margaret as she blissfully nibbled at a chocolate almond. "What did you say his name is?" asked Patsy. "Rausson Collier; isn't it lovely?" answered Margaret. Here Patsy rolled off the bed where she was perched, and on reaching the floor fairly howled. "Why, Patsy, what on earth's the matter?" was the general cry, but all they could get from her was she had thought of something funny.

"I'm going to invite him to the reception," continued Margaret. "He said he would be in Atlanta about the 15th of November and I know he'll stay over for it." But the talk which followed was not particularly interesting, neither does it bear upon our story, so we'll "let that pass."

That night a letter addressed in Patsy's dashing hand to

MR. JOHN DORSEY.

U. of G.

ATHENS, GA.

was slipped into the mail box just outside the office.

John Dorsey sat in his room about 24 hours later chuckling over a letter which lay open before him. An extract will give you some idea of its contents. "And now, my dear old Jack, please let's keep quiet and we can make a rich thing out of it. You know from experience—if you will remember that summer at Kate's—what a perfect little Satan Margaret is, and I know—also from experience—what an outrageous flirt Rausson is, and each thinks the other a regular cherub. I wonder what will happen? Something unusual I know with those two concerned. Only don't let him find out." And just here Mr. Dorsey's chuckle changed into something more audible as he turned to his calculus.

IV.

The usual decorating has been done, the usual "Oh what a gorgeous frock!" "You look too sweet for anything" said, and as the 8:30 car comes around the curve, the "Reception Committee" proceeds slowly down the stairs to the parlors.

It is a very different little girl, who now stands carelessly leaning against the door, dressed all in white, awaiting the first guests, from the one who sat on the roadside that dusty afternoon some two months before, for Margaret is looking her best tonight, and down in the bottom of her heart she has a satisfied knowledge of this very same fact, as she plans the entire undoing of a certain tall, grave young man. But her face, with its determined little mouth, dimples, and sweet, brown eyes, looks quite innocent of anything of the kind. The acquaintance begun under such shocking circumstances had not been dropped as probably the strict decorum demanded, for as Margaret said, "common politeness demanded that she thank Mr. Collier for his candy and flowers," and—oh well, Rausson was not unresponsive. They were to meet again tonight, and, it must be confessed, the latter was just a wee bit anxious to see again the "sweet but hopelessly young and silly little girl."

Margaret started as "I beg pardon, but I was told this is Miss Carter," broke into her reverie, and a tall, handsome fellow in a most irreproachable dress suit was holding out his hand. Then for one brief moment they stared at one another. Could this adorable little creature be the dust-begrimed baby he had rescued, thought he, and "Oh, but he's good looking; I never would have known him!" thought she, and then she broke out in that contagious little laugh that brought all her dimples into play. From that moment all strangeness vanished, and they were soon talking like old friends, laughing over the funny adventure and beginning of their acquaintance. Margaret always talked well, but tonight she was at her best, for the handsome gray eyes looked down at her in a most approving manner. The fact that she was evidently wanted by a good many other fellows didn't tend to lessen Rausson's opinion of her, and, taking it altogether, he didn't have half a bad time.

So the reception passed off, as about all of them do, in a very short time it seemed to every one except the unhappy young man who was "stuck" behind the door with a young woman whose vocabulary consisted in "yes" and "no." Good-byes were said in answer to the imperative call of the whistle, and at last the girls were upstairs "talking it over." "Oh, Patsy," said Margaret, as she stood before that young lady having her dress unfastened, "I never had such a good time before in my life, and he is the dearest, sweetest fellow in the world. I felt so ashamed and frivolous all the time I was with him ; he is so earnest and good, and yet—Oh, but he's grand. I almost believe I'm in love with him, and Patsy, I'm sure he likes me." Fortunate Patsy that Margaret's back was turned just here, but she made no answer as Margaret went on. "What in the world was the matter with you and Jack Dorsey ? Honestly, I didn't glance at you a single time that you were not laughing at something, and when I talked to him, he was the hatefulest thing I ever saw. Made all sorts of blind allusions about 'the biter getting bitten' and a lot more foolishness. What was it?" "Oh, nothing much," answered Miss Patsy, her mouth full of pins and making a mental resolution to correct Mr. D.'s volubility in her next letter. "We were both on a big tear, that's all," and she straightway turned the subject, a fact that Margaret would have noticed had she not been so busily engaged in finding something hidden among the tiny ruffles at her neck. At last she succeeded, and before Patsy's eyes she held the daintiest little Phi Delta Theta pin imaginable. "It's all my own," she remarked blissfully, and then listened in a half dreamy way to her room-mate's moralizing on the sin of receiving valuable presents from strangers.

Rausson was not as talkative as usual that night going home. He sat and stared vacantly out of the window while Jack Dorsey tried in vain to make him give his opinion of Patsy as compared to Margaret. At last he broke out, "Hang it all, old man, I feel like a dog, talking about that adorable little girl as I did. Why, I went there with the intention of making love to her until her little head was in a whirl, and all that sort of stuff. I could kick myself. She's as innocent and sweet as an angel and I'll be jiggered if she don't think I'm a saint. Jack, she's got me. I don't mind telling you, and I don't want her to find out the truth!"

Wheels within wheels ! Mr. Dorsey's feelings just at present were too complicated for my pen to attempt a description. He

stared blankly at his chum. To think that Collier, the invulnerable, should have toppled off at the touch of a girl who was a "most considerable" flirt, the very type of a girl he had so often expressed his opinion of in no gentle terms! Mr. Dorsey was now prepared to believe anything.

Patsy was duly notified of Rausson's "sentiments." Otherwise, matters went on as usual.

V.

The *great day* has at last come, and Auburn and the University of Georgia are battling manfully on the "gridiron." Excitement has reached its highest pitch, for the game is almost ended, and if Georgia can make one more touchdown the game is hers. Up, up goes the ball—down it comes once more—a grand scrimmage—the usual pile of waving legs and arms—then from among the struggling, squirming mass creeps a strong little fellow in a black sweater, who starts toward the Georgia goal. *Collier has the ball!!!!* A thousand shrieks and yells go up into the clear, cold air as he breaks into a sweeping trot, followed by the pack.

From their seats in the grand stand the Agnes Scott girls have a splendid view of the field, and Margaret, her cheeks a vivid crimson, watches the flying figure until it seems as if she can bear it no longer. Will he never reach the goal! See! there is one swift young Auburn player who has nearly reached him—a great silence has fallen over all. The Auburn man makes one grand spurt—stumbles—falls—and Collier makes the goal!!

"Ha, ha, Old Georgia,
Rush that ball, push that ball," etc.,

rings out the Mascot's clear voice, and then

"Ga! Ga! Ga! Ga!! Collier! Collier!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

fairly rends the air. Red and black ribbons wave wildly—all is shouting and confusion—for has not U. of G. won the annual Auburn-Georgia game?

Dusty, hot and "bum" as he looks, Rausson pushes his way, surrounded by his jubilant friends, to where the A. S. I. girls must

pass—and somehow the radiant little face that looks up into his is more than all the yells and congratulations of the rest put together.

And that night, after the lights were out at the Institute, Margaret made a confession to her chum, at which the unfeeling girl only laughed. Can my reader guess what it might be?

VI.

The Christmas holidays came and went. So likewise did Easter, and now it was close upon May. The Institute grounds and the warm, bright weather made the idlers stray out of doors all they could. But our little heroine did not belong to this class any more, for as Patsy wrote John—"I don't know what in the world is the matter with Margaret, for, Jack, she works like a Trojan. Gets frequent letters from Rausson and doesn't talk about him at all, which I regard as a bad sign. It's awful. She thinks he's good and all that sort of thing, and I do believe it's for his sake she's settled down so. And I know he's fooling my precious child. Why did you ever get me in this mess? (forgetting that she was the one to propose it). I want to 'fess up and tell her everything, but I'm simply scared to. She'll never forgive me. What will happen when they find out?"—which despondent view of the case made even that easy-going Mr. Dorsey just a little uneasy. Strange to say, Margaret had not yet discovered the truth about Rausson. She still thought him a theological student tho' she knew he was quite an athlete—there was nothing incongruous in the two—and to him she was the innocent yet lovable child he had picked up on the roadside that dusty September afternoon.

Were they in earnest or not? What would they say when they found out? These were the questions that were prominent in Mr. Dorsey's and Patsy's thoughts just now.

That night Rausson said "I tell you what, Jack, I can't stand this any longer. I honestly love that little girl, love her better than anything in the world, and tomorrow I'm going to run up to Atlanta, own up the whole blamed business and ask her to marry me. I know we are young, but I think she likes me, and if this outrageous—Oh hang it all!" And he relapsed into gloomy silence from which all John's encouragement couldn't rouse him.

When the telegram announcing that he was coming was handed to Margaret she walked over to the window and looked gravely out at the car track for some time, and then turning to Patsy she said: "I'm going to tell him all about it, dear. How very different the real me is from the one he knows, and how little I deserve all the nice things he thinks about me." And she turned again to the window leaving the panic stricken Patsy to murmur, "Holy Moses! what must I do? To tell or not to tell: that is the question. Oh, poor little me!" Tomorrow he was coming, but many things could happen before tomorrow. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and so it was after all only a case of history repeating itself.

On the evening mail Miss Margaret Carter received a letter which contained, among other interesting items, this: "By the way, I hear that you and Rausson Collier are rushing matters, and if you weren't such a cool hand I would tell you to be careful. But I reckon you can take care of yourself, especially as you, of course, have heard all about him. He certainly is the most outrageous flirt I ever met, but I don't blame you for liking him; those awfully bad fellows always are fascinating," etc., etc.,—about two pages more in the same strain. Margaret just couldn't take it in. She read it over and over, but the same conclusion, "Kate must be crazy" was always reached. Surely *her* Rausson could not be this one. "But of course Patsy could tell her it was all a big joke. Why hadn't she thought of it before? Patsy had known him for a long time." So the letter was handed to Miss Patsy with a careless "Have you ever heard this version before?" Now was the time, and with a desperate "Yes I have," Patsy blurted out the whole story; how Rausson wasn't a bit good, but how he really loved her, etc. When she had finished Margaret looked at her chum with quiet scorn. "And you stood still and watched me make a fool of myself. I hope you and Mr. Dorsey have enjoyed it," she said, and then turned toward her trunk.

* * * * *

Rausson and a friend, Maurice Bush, were walking slowly toward the campus on the very same afternoon that Margaret's letter arrived. Maurice had not been in school for three years and the two were talking over old times. "By the way, old man," said Maurice suddenly, "I've just heard that you and little Miss Carter are loving each other to beat the band. She certainly is a

little case. Gave me the worst shake up I ever had, and as for Jack Dorsey, well I believe he took it even harder than I did. She's such a sweet, innocent looking little trick, too; you never could suspect anything. I'm half in love with her yet." Rausson stared at his companion in utter amazement. "Why," he said, "it can't be the same one. Jack doesn't know her at all well, and *she's* not a bit flirty." "They must be stuffing you, for Jack told me himself, and Miss Margaret always was dead in earnest; the only trouble was you were not *the only* one. There were always a good many others. I had her photo burnt into my watch when I loved her last summer." He opened it suddenly, and Rausson looked down into the sweet brown eyes of his darling.

Having expressed his opinion very forcibly, and in terms more expressive than polite, Rausson sat down to think it all over. Assuredly she wasn't the only one fooled and the tale would get out on him. He was an idiot, that was no joke. The very idea of letting a pair of brown eyes so completely do him up. He was ashamed to own it but he loved her yet even tho'—but the melancholy thoughts about girls in general and one in particular haven't much to do with our narrative.

The next day two missives crossed each other. One a dainty blue envelope, flanked by a great package and addressed in a dashing, girlish hand—the other with a Theta crest on one corner.

The contents were as follows :

MR. COLLIER—I beg to be released from my engagement with you Sat. night. I return your letters and pictures, and will you kindly send mine by return mail.
Yours sincerely,

MARGARET CARTER.

MISS CARTER—Owing to an unforeseen event, I find I shall be unable to be with you Saturday evening. Please accept my sincere regrets.

Yours truly,

RAUSSON COLLIER.

* * * * *

And did they ever make up, or did they die of broken hearts? My dear reader, this being a true story, you must not expect me to give it to you "a la fiction." They did neither. Only Rausson gets angry every time any one asks him how he and Miss Carter are progressing, and when Margaret came down to Commencement she merely bowed coldly and arranged her ruffles so the K. A. pin she wore could be plainly seen.

Jack Dorsey says he got the worst of the whole affair. "First, Rausson bummed me up, and then Miss Margaret wrote me such a scorcher that it took me two weeks to stand up straight under the burden of my crimes; and then Patsy, who ought to have stuck to me, blessed me out for making a mess of the whole thing." And Mr. Dorsey leaned his head against the wall and thought on the vanity of all things earthly.



Science Matinee

I.

In the afternoon, promptly at the 2:30 bell,
Our regular Chemistry matinées are held ;
Where a tragedy heavy is played with the gases
By the ignorance dark of the Chemistry [(c)1]asses.

“ Work quickly as possible, don’t lose any time,
Decide what you’ll do while I’m slacking this lime.”
The doctor looked up with a quite heavy frown,
As he wiped *on his coat* from his hands a deep brown.

“ To make nitric oxide some copper I need,”
Said the student who knew not to what it would lead.
Too much nitric acid so soon did the work,
In the flash, thought the pupil, the devil must lurk.

In his haste, the preceptor overturns a bell jar ;
To the rescue ! —and quick ! ere his desk it should mar.
With the flash safely under the water, he rests,
Then smiled a bland smile and his students addressed :

“ A university student did just such a trick
And got it all over him—enough to make him sick.
Now this really happened, and tho’ ‘right remarkable,’
The man was ‘right advanced,’ taking science course double.”

Ere the story was finished, a giggle from the rear
Put a stop to it suddenly and brought the teacher near
To where R—— and her chum had pretended to have made
Some oxygen, but—they were “swapping reception trades.”

“ Did you use mercuric oxide ? Well, yes, it is true
‘Old Scheele’ used that—but something else’ll do,
As that is expensive—Just look ! don’t you know
That water’s going to ‘suck back’ if you are ever that slow ? ”

“ Oh, get me something, quick ! for the oxygen makes.”
To meet the demand, student quietly takes
Nearest vessel of glass, from the which she must cleanse
Sun-dry grasshopper legs which were *pulled* by their friends(?)

In the meantime, some hydrogen bubbles are blown,
And when lighted, the nervous girl clearly has shown
That a Chemical Laboratory never was meant
For the student to whom steady nerves never were lent.

"Now the fact of it is," said the Professor with a smile,
"That came 'mighty near' blowing that saucer a mile.
Now I just want to say, on this incident for a base,
If anything *should* blow up, why—*just keep your place!*"

On approaching the first "N. O. student" just then,
He discovered the flash 'mighty near' over again;
And remarking that acid was a 'provoking thing,'
He proceeds then to tell whence the brown fumes spring.

"Don't you see that the brown fumes are really N. O².?
Oxygen N. O. 'gets a hold of' and changes its hue."
And had there been anything to give up its place,
He'd have said it was 'just knocked out,' by the oxygen base.

II.

With all the havoc that can be made,
Retorts, burettes, test tubes all smashed,
The hands of students must be stayed
To wash what on the glass was dashed
And make reparation.
For all desolation.

With face on which there dawns a smile
Because the calm must follow the storm,
Teacher sits at ease, and all the while
Looks on as all the students warm.
Make reparation
For all desolation.

He does not rest his voice—not he!
But constant tells them not to cease,
There's need of care—which all can see,
Till comes the car town girls to release
From making reparation
For all desolation.

III.

With fingers burned and dresses spotted,
The girls go up to weep,
With minds made up their tasks allotted
Not to perform—but sleep.

With tired step and startled stare
The town girls wend their way,
With mind made np no more to dare
The dangers of the dark.

Mama is pacing up the floor,
She fears her lambs will stray,
She'll ne'er believe in any more
A *Science Matinee.*

What is it that, with dim red eyes,
The Junior covets and for which sighs
When she at ten the long stair climbs?

A lamp.

What is it that the Sophomore bold
Loves and dearly longs to hold
And for it would her life have sold?

A lamp.

What is it that the Freshman gay
Eyes, and deeply longs she may
On it make some fudge some day?

A lamp.



Short History of Our Mid-week Prayer Meeting

One cannot fully know of our life in general without knowing a little about this, which has become one of the most profitable and pleasant of all our privileges here. When the first catalogue of this school appeared, it said not a word of any such meeting as the prayer meeting, and for a good reason. There was no such thing at that time. But it was not long before the necessity for such an organization became evident. At first, and this at a suggestion from Miss Field, a small band gathered in No. 78, on the third floor, then Miss McKinney's and Miss Shipman's rooms, where were held quiet and sweet little services, with no set leader or program, but it was only a gathering together of those souls that felt the need of such mid-week services. Soon, however, the crowd grew too large to be comfortable in this small room, and the place of meeting was changed to the library rooms on the second floor. Here the good influence was more far reaching in its effects, for it was now possible for a much larger company to assemble. The influence of these meetings began to be felt perceptibly within the school, and the meetings became better and better attended. Soon the plan of having a leader and following a given program was adopted, and then they became interesting indeed. When the library

was moved down on the first floor, the change of location produced no effect upon this loyal band, but here they were wont to meet in enjoyable service until even this space became too small to hold all those who wished to attend.

So next we find it held in the study hall. Here at last was room enough for all, and what a blessing these meetings have proved to some of us who have attended regularly. There we have our organ, purchased for this special use, and as we gather each week to commune together, it adds much to the sweetness of the service. Now we have regular programs, and are led sometimes by one of our own number, but more frequently by a teacher. It affords a chance for religious development which has proved a great source of blessing to many of us in after life. "We are a little company among ourselves," and each is free to take part as she is requested or as the spirit moves her. To those to whom this mid-week service has been so much benefit, it may be of interest to know how it has grown and "increased in favor with God and man."





IN THE LABORATORY

Bubbles

LUCIA :— “Oh, yes, I told you I doted on him. Don’t you see how love has preyed like a worm upon my damask cheek.”

ETHEL :— “I wish there was air in here !”

VALERIA :— “Well, I’m a millionair(e).”

MISS Y. :— “Now, *class*, what is a quadrantal triangle ?”

ROSA BELLE (confidently) :— “Oh, I know. Its one which has four right angles.”

A. :— “What is the composition of water ?”

A PUPIL :— “Nitrogen and Hitrogen.”

ANGIE :— “Oh, I hate to use the past tense ending in ‘*t*.’”

MISSEY :— “Well, how do you like those ending in *coffee* ?”

MATTIE W. :— “Oh, Miss Massey, I met the cutest boy and I’m just dead in love with him, and (with a blush) I know he fell in love with me too.”

R. B. (in the laboratory) :— “You see, Dr. Arbuckle, we are awfully handicapped.”

“Yes,” answers Rusha, who is struggling with some refractory corks, “but not *handy-chaps*.”

MATTIE (despondently) :— “Well, I don’t see what I can do about it. I’m sure I can’t keep all the boys from falling in love with me.” ~~So~~ ???

There’s something in Geometry,
There’s something in Biology ;
But through the course I’ll not have passed
'Till I at length have quite amassed
A store of old Psychology.

The Life and Letters(*) of Scottstitute

IT is my mournful and depressing task to give, for the benefit of those who come after me, a brief sketch of one who is no more—of one whom we all loved, and the mention of whose decease even now brings tears [of joy] to the eyes of many.

In the fall of '97 a small kitten, black, thin and innocent, arrived at the back door of Agnes Scott Institute, to be immediately taken into the heart and—and—engine house of kind Mr. Davis, our night watchman, and shortly afterward christened "Scottstitute" by the girls. He grew rapidly in both health and stature—likewise in appetite—and soon the fear that we might lose him died away. In accordance with the spirit of the Institute, he became deeply religious. Not a prayer-meeting would he miss—always the small, black figure sat solemnly by Miss H.'s skirt or prowled around, biting the heels of naughty girls. Shortly after his arrival he constituted himself Miss H.'s assistant, and the wrong doers were constantly confronted with a small but reproachful cat. So matters went for some time, until one day he discovered—ah, woful day!—that he was possessed of a voice—such a voice—a clear, high tenor. And Scottstitute was proud of it. With it his fall began.

Around the Institute runs a brick walk, and here it was he took his nightly strolls and raised his voice in song. Ere long other felines joined him, and when the moon shone brightly, strange sounds floated upward—sounds of revelry mixed with discord. One morning Scottstitute came in with a wicked look in one eye and the other closed up. Alas! all knew what it meant. Soon he grew negligent about chapel and prayer-meeting, and then his downfall was rapid. He listened to no advice or tender words, and when the end came no one was surprised. It happened in March of '98, and was the result of an attack by the Pattillo cat; but

Owing to the illegibility of Scottstitute's handwriting his "letters" will have to be omitted

in spite of all his faults we loved him, and many sad faces showed how his death was felt. As we gazed upon his dilapidated form, split ear, broken tail and bunged-up eye for the last time, all wept. No more do we hear his sweet voice leading the others. The moon shines just as brightly as it used to, but the Pattillo cat has it all his own way, and the meetings take place in his back yard. Only an occasional strain brings back what we used to have constantly, and we sigh at the remembrance. As I remarked, before Scottstite is dead. May he never have a successor.





Senior Sketches

“ISN’T it awful?” “It is dreadful!” “I think so, too!” “I never heard of anything so sad!”

“Why, what is the matter, girls? What is so dreadful?” asked Ethel Bainbridge, as she heard these and similar expressions from the group of Seniors she was approaching.

“Matter enough,” one of them replied. “Edith is not coming back to take her Senior year.”

“Well, I wondered why she did not come in Friday with the rest of us. But, girls, it’s impossible! Last Commencement she confidently expected to return. What does it mean?”

“Why, Dr. Gaines has just received a letter from Edith saying that her mother is dangerously ill, not expected to live, and that Edith will not return. She wants her books, desk and all her other belongings she left here during the summer shipped to her immediately.”

“What shall we do?” cried Ethel. “We shall miss her so much. Oh, poor child! how sorry I am for her.”

“We all are, but what can we do?”

“Miss Margie!” called a man’s voice.

“What is it? Why, girls, Dr. Gaines is calling me. What can he want?” And Margie Brewster sped away to the steps whereon stood Dr. Gaines beckoning to her. The girls watched eagerly, and with surprise saw him say a few words to her at which her face visibly brightened, and then hand her a yellow envelope. “It’s a telegram,” said some one, and they watched with renewed interest. They saw her draw out the telegram from the already opened envelope, read it, thank Dr. Gaines heartily, and then run down the steps toward them waving the paper in her hand. “Telegram from Edith’s father,” she cried. “Dr. Gaines has just received it. He saw us from the office window, and felt sure we were discussing Edith, so he let us know immediately.”

“Read it! Read it!”

“It’s the best news possible. Edith will reach Decatur at four this afternoon. Her mother much better.”

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Wait, girls, I have a scheme," cried Ethel. "It's an hour till four now. Let's all walk down the Consolidated track to East End, board the car there, and come back with Edith. I'm sure she'll come on the car, for there is no train at four."

"That's a good idea. Come on." And the entire group rushed up to their rooms after hats and gloves. In a few minutes they were down in the first hall again, and started out to the car track.

In the meantime, Edith had come out on the Georgia road from Atlanta, and when she reached the station at Decatur was disappointed to find no one there to meet her. "Surely Dr. Gaines showed them the telegram," she thought. "I don't believe they wanted to see me. I am sorry I came," and she was feeling very bitter as she started on up to the Institute. The Seniors had just reached the car track at the head of Ansley street when Margie Brewster dropped her glove, and as she rose after picking it up, she happened to look in an opposite direction and saw a figure which she thought she recognized coming up the street. "Girls, look! Look yonder!" she cried, "Isn't it—? Yes, it is! It's Edith," and she started rapidly down the street followed by the others. Edith was almost torn to pieces by the crowd; her grip, umbrella and purse were taken from her as by bandits, and she was overwhelmed with questions and exclamations, and "You, darling, how pale you look!" when to the astonishment of every one she broke down utterly and began to cry. "Edith, Edith, what *is* the matter?" all asked at once, and it was some time before she could say brokenly: "When I reached the station and found no one there, I thought you girls did not want to see me, and——" but she got no further, for they all pressed around and all told at once how they had started out to meet her.

And Edith wrote her father that night that she was perfectly happy because her mother was so much better, and the girls really "hadn't forgotten her."

* * * * *

It was Saturday morning, and the nine o'clock mail had just come in. Ethel Bainbridge sat alone in her room reading her letters and pondering over one of them more than was her wont over anything. She was fair to look at, this young Senior, as she sat in the large arm chair, her slender figure outlined plainly against its

dark back, her hair piled high upon her head and parted in the middle, and the letter held up before her. Her expression was more thoughtful than usual this morning, for though a good, Ethel was by no means a hard student, and she maintained her class standing with just as little exertion on her part as possible. She was forever making up her mind to study harder, and she intended



to go to college after she had finished her preparatory course, but somehow she had always found it so easy to slip along, making the pass-mark and at times distinctions without any great effort, that her ambition was almost lost. But this letter she had received had aroused a train of thought deeper than she was accustomed to have. It was from a very dear friend, proposing that she leave Agnes Scott to travel with her.

"Your father does not object," said the letter, "and we shall have a glorious time. We shall spend most of the winter in Washington, then go to Old Point Comfort, and spend the rest of the time in Richmond, if father does not decide to go to New York. Now don't refuse me, Ethel; you can't, because I know how lightly you regard school matters. Look on this as a sort of 'last request,' for you know I am to be married next May, so this is the last opportunity we shall have for just such a trip. Write me at once about your decision, though I know what it will be, and then begin to pack, for father wants to start as soon as possible."

And so Ethel thought on the matter, and the more she thought the less inclined was she to accept the proposition. Besides the phrase, "how lightly you regard school matters," stung her, and she determined to show her friend that she was not such a wishy-washy young lady as the words seemed to imply. But should she go? She had only herself to consult, for her father had always allowed her to have her own way, desiring only that she should enjoy life. He was devoted to his business, and had paid little attention to his daughter's course of education, beyond seeing, as she sometimes bitterly thought, that she did not "grow up in ignorance." He regarded with amusement her scheme of going to college, and took her "aims" rather as jokes. Small wonder, then, that she had little incentive to active work! But should she go? This was her final year at Agnes Scott, and she had determined to go to college next fall. If she took this trip she knew she would give up all idea of going to college.

And as she sat there, through the open window came the voices of her classmates singing to "Scots, Wha Hae."

"Girls, who all through right and wrong,
Agnes Scott have loved so long,
Join with us in lively song,
Of our victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour,
Take at once your hard earned power,
Not a cloud doth o'er us lower,
Graduates to be."

"Just listen to that!" sighed Ethel. "I *can't* leave it all. I have made up my mind to stay here and study."

"Ethel! Ethel!" from the campus. "Come down here and bring your lexicon and let's read that Tacitus for Monday."

"All right, Rosa," called Ethel, happy in her decision, and dropping her letters, she seized her Latin books and disappeared down the stairs.

* * * * *

Margie Brewster sat in a corner of the long, comfortable, old sofa in her room on the second floor, leaning back against the sofa pillows studying Anglo-Saxon. She was reading the *The Alfredian Boethius* and was becoming much interested, and pleased at her rapid progress. So absorbed was she that she scarcely noticed her room-mate's decidedly breezy entrance, and answered in a rather abstracted way the questions put to her. Finally a sofa pillow came flying through the air accompanied with the words, "Wake up, stupid, and let that old dry thing alone. Don't you want me to tell you about the car ride?"

"What car ride, Mabel?" asked Margie, skillfully dodging the pillow.

"Why, we have chartered a car and are going for a moonlight ride tonight; leave here at seven o'clock and return at ten. We are going to Atlanta, around the nine-mile circle, stop at Nun-nail's, and have a good time generally. You are going of course. Say you are pleased."

"I *am* pleased, and I'll go; but oh, dear! I had put aside an exercise to prepare at that time."

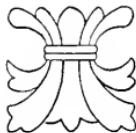
"Well, do as I am doing, and put in all your spare time today instead of wasting it talking. I am going to dress for dinner now and, young lady, don't you speak to me while I am doing it," and dropping her Greek grammar upon her glove box on the dresser, Mabel took her stand before the mirror and killed two birds with one stone by arranging her hair and reviewing Greek verbs at the same time. Then catching up her grammar she left the room with a hasty "Auf Wiedersehen" to Margie. Margie, left alone, went to work with redoubled vigor on Monday's recitations, thinking with a smile of the unexpected ride at night. Soon she was aroused by the sound of voices outside her door, and though at first she hardly heeded them, they gradually grew so troublesome that she closed her book to get up and shut the transom, when she heard words that made her forget all else. Forgetting the fact that the conversation was not meant for her to hear, she leaned forward to hear more. What followed forced all the color from her face, her book fell from her lap open upon the floor, and she clasped her



hands in an agony of apprehension as she heard the disconnected words, "Margie," "telegram," "father," "dead," "poor child!" What *was* she hearing? Could it be true? Her father had been ill for several days, but she had not dreamed that the illness was serious. Could this torture be for her? Forgotten were all the reasonings of Senior philosophy; she dimly remembered having been reading the *Boethius*, and—what was it about a car ride? All these thoughts passed swiftly through her mind, and still she leaned forward trying to hear. Then the door opened and—

Mabel said afterwards that she would never forget the picture she saw when she and Mary entered. There sat Margie, their own dear Margie, the idol of the class, looking as if she had received her death sentence. The light summer dress, with its deep Spanish flounce, her hair pompadoured and arranged low on her head, her whole lovely appearance, seemed strangely out of keep-

ing with the awful look of terror on the white face, usually so pretty with its delicate color. Mabel took all the blame on herself; she knew Margie's father was ill, and she ought to have known better than to discuss such a subject where Margie could hear without understanding. It was strange how everything had fitted in. They were speaking of a story they had read in one of the magazines in the library—something about a girl whose father's death was announced to her by telegram—and just as Mary had said, "Poor child," referring to the girl in the story, Mabel had said they would go in and ask Margie's opinion about the story. Margie was so weakened that for a while she could do nothing but sob, and Mabel was most remorseful. Things were soon straightened out, however, and that night on the car ride Margie was her same merry self and the life of the party.





Give Us Another Brick Walk

[TUNE: "Answer"].

Would you but give to us one more brick walk,
You'd see our faces wondrous glad and bright,
It is the one thing we would ask of you,
For our delight, for our delight.

[TUNE: "Hominy Corn"].

Give us another brick walk,
Give us another brick walk,
We'd like it, love it,
Want it, need it.
Give us another brick walk.

Orator (becoming excited): "The advantages you young ladies have are far above those of many. You are surrounded by the best influences; you are among men and women of the greatest refinement and intelligence; you have possibilities for tremendous moral, mental and physical development; you," etc., etc.—(see memory of past experiences). "What else do you want or need?"

Voice from rear: "Another brick walk."

This is to certify that I, D—— G——, do hereby promise to the students of Agnes Scott to give to them another brick walk.

In token whereof, I have this day set my hand and affixed my seal.

Signed: D—— G——, [LAWFUL SEAL.]

Witness: ———, [LAWFUL SEAL.]



Alphabet of Agnes Scott Proverbs

Absent thee from felicity.

Be sure not to giggle on the car—Miss Hopkins will find it out sure.

Care once killed a cat.

Don't ask Dr. Arbuckle his age—It's impolite and any way he'll tell you.

Enjoy yourself to the fullest extent, but

flirt neither with conductors nor non-conductors.

Get all the help you can in "Trig."

Handle the rules with care—You might break them.

Increase your *sights* by falling in love.

Jeopardize your life for your studies—Reward will surely come.

Keep quiet in the library—if Miss Hopkins doesn't catch you Miss McKinney will.

Learn to be more "specific"—D. G. desires it.

Make 100 in Science—You will be third on Dr. Arbuckle's list.

Never lose your temper—Without it you will be analogous to a no count pair of curling tongs.

Oft expectation fails and *most* oft, but

Petition D. G. for a holiday—He likes it.

Qualify your descriptions with "*eminently*."

Read your letters in class but don't get too interested—Miss McK. might call on you.

Sulphuretted hydrogen inhaled freely is an excellent head-ache remedy,

Try it!

Use "*eminently*" to describe any Biblical character—D. G. does it.

Vex not your teachers—Be kind in little things.

Walk upright!—Some one might mistake you for a quadruped.

Xcept every holiday you can get.

You won't get many.

Zero means nothing—But get one or two or three or four and find out for yourself.



Winter Time in Georgia

It was winter time in the Sunny South. The thermometer stood ten degrees below zero. The wind blew at the rate of forty miles per minute. The snow lay twelve inches thick and ice covered the dancing fountain. Indoors the north side girls crept, shivering, into bed—weeping, and as they wept their tears froze. The heat was turned on night and day and no longer did cattish voices float through the clear air. The tiny mice no longer played merrily in and out of trash baskets, nor did the electric car run. The norther did quickly don his coat and hie him away to get warm in the frozen north. The mournful Herr Saul wished himself "not brought to this place," the fruit trees froze as did likewise the ink. For it was winter time in the Sunny South !!







"Lady Ian, I am not guilty."



"Oh! Why can't you love *me*."



"Come! let us fly."



"I wish a prince would come to my house."



Out

Miss McKinney, when the girls come to her room to inquire about examination marks.

The third hall west-end lights nearly all the time.

Dr. Arbuckle on "Jerusalem the Golden," in chapel.

Of jokes—the Junior Class.

Of ideas for the AURORA—Nellie Mandeville.

Of work for the Senior Latin Class—Miss Morrow. [The above is a telling piece of sarcasm.]

Of Harriett's lips—a question.

Of something to say, never!—Dr. Arbuckle.

Of work—the Sophomores.

Of the habit of using the word "eminently"—Dr. Gaines.

Of time—Georgia Kyser.

Of date—red waists.

Of enough to eat—the girls at Miss Sheppard's table.

Of stamps—Rosa Belle Knox.

Of good reputation—the second floor girls.

Of sight—the Junior banquet to the Seniors.

Mr. Gilmore when he is wanted.

Of tune—the gymnasium piano.

Of time—the watches of the girls in the practice hall.

Of patience about "trashy music"—Mr. Maclean.

Of the windows—conversation forbidden.

Of oil—the Seniors' lamps when they have studying to do.

Of patience—Herr Saul.

'95-'99; 34-10

After Mother Goose, but not apt to catch her.

Sing a song of '95,
Almost as green as rye,
4 and 30 Freshmen
Then came to A. S. I.

When the school was opened
The girls began to sing,
And that was such a hearty song
It made the Chapel ring.

Some came to get some learning
Put in their gay young heads,
But first they were obliged to learn
To make their little beds.

Then 2 naughty Freshmen
To one another said,
"I'm going home to mama
And to my trundle-bed."

The 2 and 30 Freshmen
Then left to hold the field,
Together made a thriving class,
Which swore to never yield.

Homesickness, mumps and measles
Did next this class attack,
Then 3 more conquered Freshmen
Left, never to come back.

Still 9 and 20 Freshmen
Fought on thro' thick and thin,
Till final "xams" of their first year
Were ready to begin.

2 other little Freshies
Deserted then their class,
Vacation's many pleasures
Drew out another lass.

Then sing a song of '96,
Almost wise as a fool,
Of brilliant Soph'mores 26
Came back again to school.

Then 2 of these young ladies
Found "Bible Notes" too hard,
Decided that to leave this out
Would not their aims retard.

Yet 3 more names must be erased
From roll-book of the class;
2 went home to be married,
The others failed to pass.

1 and 20 Sophomores
Stayed thro' their second year,
But 2 of these took holiday
From this time on, I hear.

Sing a song of '97,
Of hard work such a lot,
19 returning Juniors
Must do at Agnes Scott.

They studied, worked with might and main,
But small pox came along
And frightened 2 poor Juniors
From places in this song.

The rest kept up till Christmas,
But truth I must not shirk,
1 died of asking questions,
And 1 of too much work.

2 others found that they had failed
To reach the average mark,
So just before commencement
For home they did embark.

This made 1 weep till she went blind,
1 more became a bride,
So only 11 Juniors
Remained at "testing-tide."

Sing a song of '99,
And half of '98,
When only 10 high Seniors
Returned to graduate.

10 Seniors in the school-room,
Eating bread, not honey;
10 fathers in the counting-house
Counting out their money.

10 maids are in the city,
Buying up the clothes
In which they are to graduate,
When Commencement ends their woes.



Coincidences

At whose sight like the sun, all others
with diminished splendor shine.

CLASS OF '99 COLLEC-
TIVELY.

Class of '99 Individually:

Her wit was more than man's.

HELEN MANDEVILLE.

She was by nature perfectly good-
humored.

EMMA WESLEY.

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth.

RUTH CANDLER.

La classe supérieur, c'est moi.

ROSA BELLE KNOX.

She was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in *analytic*.

ANNIE GASH.

Of speed not over hustling.

BESSIE JONES.

I am resolved for death or dignity.

MABEL LAWTON.

I have no gift of words, but I speak the
truth.

NANNIE WINN.

The whims of women must be humored.

BERNICE CHIVERS.

But I've got my work to do, and I must
do it.

LUCILE ALEXANDER.

Silence is golden.

GLEE CLUB.

Some are wise, and some are otherwise.

JUNIOR CLASS.

I have neither wits nor words. I only
speak right on.

JEANNETTE C.

All that I am, all that I have, all that
I hope to be I'd give for beauty.

HARRIETT SCALES.

Queen of smiles.	MARIE GOETCHIUS.
Though we are young we scorn to flit Upon the wings of borrowed wit.	KIDS' DRAMATIC CLUB.
Georgie who? Whose father? Whose little hatchet?	MARY LOU DUNCAN.
The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.	MISS SHEPPARD.
She is of that light, unreflecting class, of that light, unreflecting sex.	VALERIA RANKIN.
A beauty, but over light-headed.	ETHEL DAVANT.
Who can account for the taste of fe- males, especially for	HARRIETT'S?
If ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it.	MISSEY HULL.
What she says you may believe, and pawn your soul upon it.	MARGARET B.
And when a man is in the case, You know all other things give place.	RUTH LEWIS.
Constructed on scientific principles.	ROSE P.'s POMPADOUR.
None but himself can be his parallel.	DR. GAINES.
Had she no hair pins, Had she no comb?	ROSA BELLE.
I don't believe I myself know that?	LOUELLE O'N.
Blessed are they that expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed.	MORSER OF COMFORT FOR SOPH. CHEM. CLASS.
Taste refined, Perception swift, and balanced mind, And more than all, a gift of thought.	MISS MCKINNEY.
One struggle more, and we are free From pangs that rend our hearts in twain.	SENIORS' COMFORT.

One whom the music of her own vain
tongue

Doth ravish, like enchanted music.

ROSE RICH.

The memory of what has been
And never more will be.

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

Old head on young shoulders.

EDNA MAY.

Rides in the whirlwind, and directs
the storm.

DR. ARBUCKLE IN THE
LAB.

I stood among them, but not of them.

THYRZA AND THE
SENIORS.

E'en though vanquished she could ar-
gue still.

MAY BARKER.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths. Then how old is

SALLIE GEORGE?

She that complies against her will
Is of the same opinion still.

ETHEL L.

A sudden thought strikes me—let us
swear an eternal friendship.

MARY KIRK.

We never dare to write as funny as we
can.

AURORA EDITORS.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple.

MARIETTA HURT.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine
ear.

LULA McCCLAIN.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.

BELL D.

And, as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illuminated by her eye.

MISS MASSIE.

ETHEL A.—only this and nothing more.

When found, make a note of.

MOTTO OF PEDAGOGY
CLASS.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell.	JEAN R.
For mine own part, it was Greek to me.	SALLIE GEORGE.
The observed of all observers.	MR. SAUL IN CHAPEL.
I must be cruel only to be kind.	MISS HOPKINS.
Never any marvellous story but herself could tell a greater one.	SYBIL BETHEL.
Of manners gentle, of affections mild, In wit a woman, simplicity a child.	MISS YOUNG.
You've been cooped up in the schools too long, and you think everybody is looking at you.	EVELYN R.
Remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.	NELLIE AND ROSA BELLE.
Extreme simplicity touches on extreme coquetry.	JULIET C.
Talking too much is a sign of vanity. Remember this,	AMANDA.
It is better to live and go to dinner and strike into a new life.	GERTRUDE A.
Did win The hearts of all that she did angle for.	MARY PAYNE.
A flattering painter, who made it his care To draw girls as they should be, not as they are.	A. S. I. PHOTOGRAPHER.
There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.	FANNIE B.
'Twas for my accommodation Nature rose when I was born; should I die, the whole creation back to nothing would return.	MATTIE W.

A bevy of fair women.

M. L. S.

He sighed, he sobbed, and furious with
despair,
He rent his garments and he tore his hair..

DR. ARBUCKLE AFTER
CHEM. EXAM.

Bold is the task when students are so wise
As to instruct their Prof. wherein his er-
ror lies.

RUSHA WESLEY.

Behold the child by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled by a straw.

SAIDER K.

Beholding heaven and feeling hell.

SENIORS.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle and
low — an excellent thing in woman.

MISS HOPKINS.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead
Who never to herself hath said,
This is our own, our dear promenade.

THE BRICK WALK.

We know not what they are.

A. S. I. CROQUETTES.

Wit's last edition is now i' the press.

AURORA.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair.

PRES. OF M. L. S.

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and
softly bodied forth.

HARRIETT.

Tranquility ! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame.

MOLLIE COHEN.

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

JUNIOR ESSAYS.

Our cause is just, our union is perfect.

MOLLIE AND LUCY.

Some folks are so fond of ill-luck that
they run half-way to meet it.

SYBIL.

The beautiful eyes of my cash box.

CARRIE C.

What's a C. O. D.

What's a C. O. D.? Ask Miss Hopkins,
And she'll answer, with sorrowful look,
"She's the girl who lives at the Institute
Without ever open'ng a book."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask Mr. Davis,
And he'll say, with a sad sigh of woe,
"She is a girl who minds not the whistle
And ne'er to her room will she go."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask the Senior,
And she will tell you right in the hall,
"She's a girl who never keeps quiet,
And one I would gladly maul."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask the teacher on duty,
And her head she will sorrowfully shake,
"She's a girl who is skilled in evasions,
And most wondrous excuses can make."

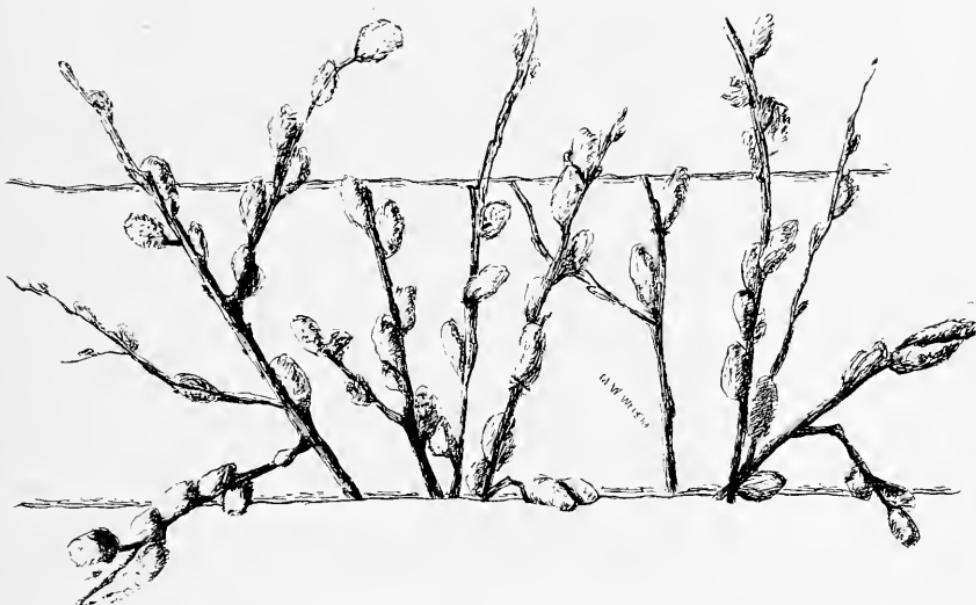
What's a C. O. D.? Ask Miss Powell,
And she says, with a look of despair,
"She's the girl who never will practice,
Unless I stand close by her chair."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask the students,
And they'll tell you, with deepening scowl,
"She's a being who's always in mischief,
And keeps our poor school in a howl."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask Bates and Co.,
And they'll answer with gladness, "Why, ma'am,
She's the girl who keeps us from breaking
By purchasing crackers and ham."

What's a C. O. D.? Ask one of their number,
And she'll tell you with many a laugh,
"We are beings to whom life's a pleasure,
We enjoy it, tho' thorny's our path."

We are happy-go-lucky by nature,
And tho' we are laughed at by all,
We'll continue to take matters easy,
'Till something shall cause us to fall."



Pussy Willow, The freshman

HER name was not really Pussy Willow, of course. She was called that at home, because—well, perhaps because her name was Helen, and when she went away to school the name clung to her. It seemed to suit her, any way, the girls declared, for she was so slender, so fragile, so soft, and so affectionate and clinging that it did not seem inappropriate that she was called by the name of the soft, clinging, furry little pussy willow. It had been decided that Pussy Willow would grow more independent and self-reliant away from home, so she was sent away to school at Agnes Scott, a place which she looked upon before she knew it with fear and trembling, and ever afterward with respect and love.

Pussy Willow did not come out to Decatur on the car, as people generally do, but drove out from Atlanta with a carriage load of other girls. On the long drive the young girls were in varying

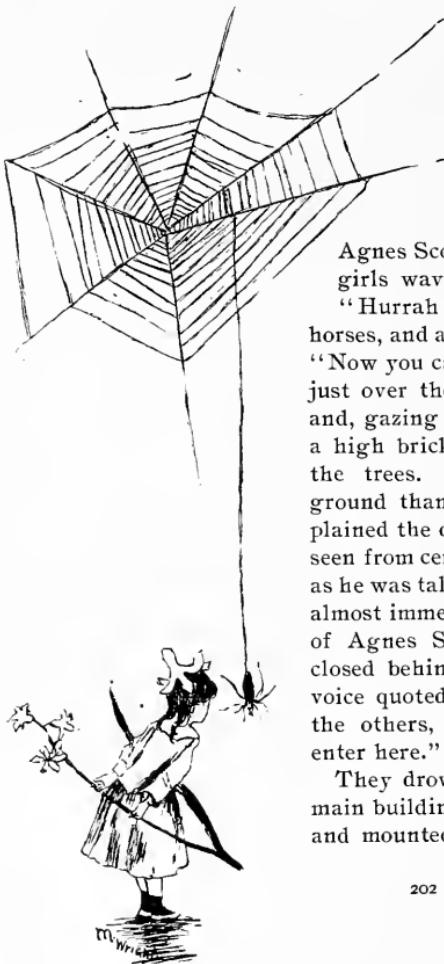
moods. At times they would laugh, chatter and sing as gayly as only young maidens of their age can. Then the group would become strangely silent, and tears came to more than one pair of eyes at the thought of the long, unwonted absence from home and of the strangers to be faced when they reached their destination. These girls had known each other only an hour or two, yet they scarcely thought of that, feeling that they must be friends, since they were all in the same position. On the road between Atlanta and Decatur the driver pointed out all the places of interest, and

the girls listened eagerly, interrupting him frequently with, "How far are we from the Institute?"

Finally they reached the top of a long hill, through a cut in which a railroad ran, and the driver said, "This is Johnson Station.

Agnes Scott is only two miles off." The girls waved their handkerchiefs with a "Hurrah!" the driver whipped up his horses, and after driving about a mile, said, "Now you can see the Institute. There—just over those trees." The girls stood up and, gazing in the direction indicated, saw a high brick and stone tower rising over the trees. "Agnes Scott is on higher ground than the surrounding country," explained the driver, "and at night may be seen from certain points in Atlanta." Even as he was talking they reached Decatur, and almost immediately turned into the campus of Agnes Scott, and as the great gates closed behind them with a clang, a girlish voice quoted solemnly amidst the silence of the others, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

They drove up to the stone steps of the main building, descended from the carriage and mounted the steps. They were met in



the parlors by the principal in charge, who quickly assigned them rooms, ordered their baggage to be taken up as soon as it arrived and rang for a maid to show them to their rooms. Pussy Willow received a room on the third floor with a Sophomore, who regarded her rather curiously, but was nevertheless cordial. The Sophomore's belongings filled all the available space in the room, but she hospitably removed them to make room for Pussy Willow's, and when her trunks came up offered to help her unpack.

"No, thank you," responded Pussy Willow to this offer; "I do not wish to trouble you."

And although the Sophomore insisted that it would be no trouble, Pussy Willow declined to receive her assistance and went

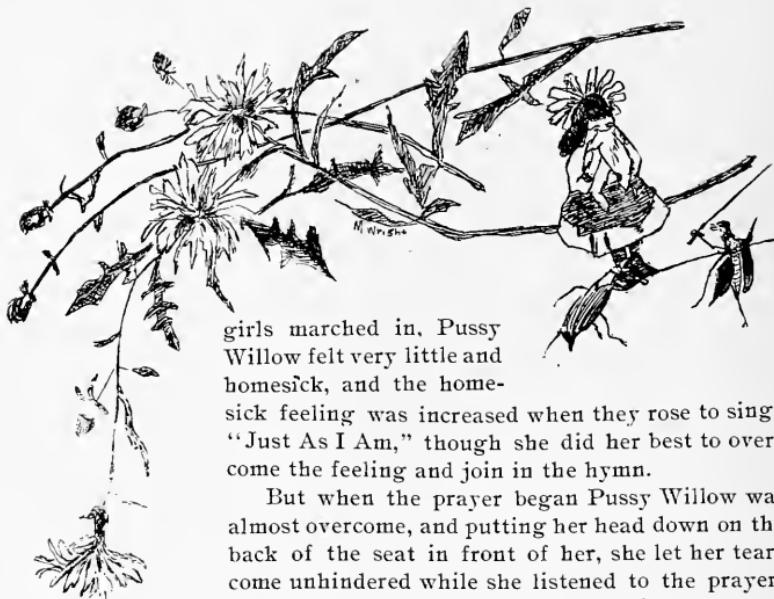
to work her-
perplexed as
she should do
worked on
the supper
half-past six,
went down
room-mate
signed a
of the tables.
the chatter
voices of so
sounding
the long din-
rather con-

self, rather
to what she
first. She
silently till
bell rang at
and then
with her
and was as-
place at one
The glare,
and the quick
many girls
throughout
ing hall
fused her,

and as soon as the girls at the table were excused she sought her room again. Tired with her work of unpacking, she went to sleep long before her room-mate returned, and did not wake till the next morning, when she was tapped on the forehead and a voice exclaimed, "You will have to hurry if you want to get down to breakfast in time." Dreading to be so gazed at as she would be if she entered the dining-room late, Pussy Willow jumped up and dressed hastily, then went with her room-mate down to breakfast.

Breakfast was gotten through in the same way that supper was, and Pussy Willow afterwards laughingly declared that she never knew what she ate at either meal. After breakfast she returned to her room to put it in order, and at half-past eight was taken by her room-mate down to chapel. As the four hundred





girls marched in, Pussy Willow felt very little and homesick, and the homesick feeling was increased when they rose to sing, "Just As I Am," though she did her best to overcome the feeling and join in the hymn.

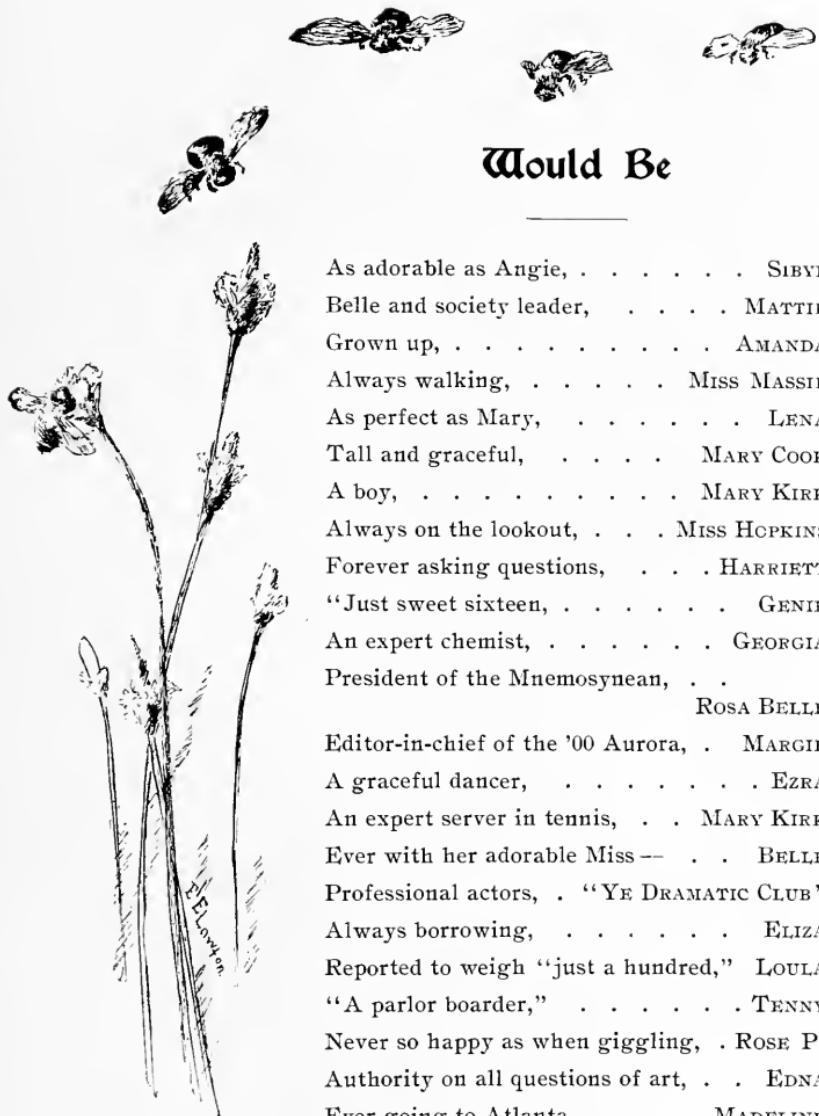
But when the prayer began Pussy Willow was almost overcome, and putting her head down on the back of the seat in front of her, she let her tears come unhindered while she listened to the prayer.

And the strong voice went on, praying for loved ones far away, that they might be kept free from danger and preserved in the midst of trouble—and here Pussy Willow sobbed and the girl next her put her arm around her.

After chapel the girls' schedules were arranged, and in a very short time Pussy Willow found herself regularly classified and with a memorandum in her hand containing a list of books she was to get at the book closet, a place as yet unknown to her, but destined to become very familiar. But every one has trials, especially on the first day at boarding school, and Pussy Willow's were no heavier than those of any one else. As the days passed her letters home grew brighter, as she learned to know the girls and grew familiar with Agnes Scott. The life which at first seemed routine and chinery, grew that she blessed-
meal-bells, the walking-bells. summer she not remember more enjoy-



to her merely useless mas-
so dear to her
ed the regular-
ing-bell, the
half-hour and
And the next
said she could
having spent a
able year.



Would Be

As adorable as Angie, SIBYL
Belle and society leader, MATTIE
Grown up, AMANDA
Always walking, MISS MASSIE
As perfect as Mary, LENA
Tall and graceful, MARY COOK
A boy, MARY KIRK
Always on the lookout, MISS HOPKINS
Forever asking questions, HARRIETT
"Just sweet sixteen, GENIE
An expert chemist, GEORGIA
President of the Mnemosynean,
ROSA BELLE
Editor-in-chief of the '00 Aurora, MARGIE
A graceful dancer, EZRA
An expert server in tennis, MARY KIRK
Ever with her adorable Miss -- BELLE
Professional actors, "YE DRAMATIC CLUB"
Always borrowing, ELIZA
Reported to weigh "just a hundred," LOULA
"A parlor boarder," TENNY
Never so happy as when giggling, ROSE P.
Authority on all questions of art, EDNA
Ever going to Atlanta, MADELINE

On time for meals—just one whole day!	RUTH L.
Forever raining,	THE WEATHER
Class, school and national poet,	HILDA
Making verses to her latest flame,	DORA
Trying to manage Venetia,	MARY D.
A long-haired beauty,	SALLIE GEORGE
A bicycle rider in a day,	NANNIE WINN
Sedate, if possible, when Ezra is around,	MISS MASSIE'S TABLE
Ever with "Airy, fairy Lillian,	ETHEL L.
Bad, if she dared,	DAISY
Ever Daisy's shadow,	BESSIE
Angry, should she be called affected,	ETHEL D.
The best dressed girl in school,	TENNY
Treated for a new form of St. Vitus' Dance,	GERTRUDE
Taught (especially at night) to be seen and not heard,	EZRA'S ALARM CLOCK
Certain who was at the other end of the speaking-tube before venturing to answer,	HARRIETT



from the Astronomy Class.

PROFESSOR: "Young ladies, you will please come to the tower tonight if the *sun* is shining to take the transit of the stars."

STUDENT (gazing earnestly toward the south): "Professor, where is the north star?"

PRIMA: "What are 'Jupiter lights'?"

SECUNDA: "They are more commonly known by the name, 'Aurora borealis.'"

PROFESSOR: "At what are you sighting, Miss Mary?"

MARY (sighing—not knowing the telescope was unsteady): "At the moon, Professor. I wish Joshua was here to command it to stand still."



A Sophomore's Note Book.

1. Read up about Parliamentary Reform Laws for Wednesday's history.
2. See about tickets for the lecture tonight.
3. Look up references in Congressional Record for Civil Government tomorrow.
4. Engage the English reference books for this evening.
5. Hunt for my notes on the lecture last week.
6. Engage the tennis court for tomorrow afternoon.
7. Put a notice on the bulletin board about my lost German books.
8. Prepare lecture on Gothic architecture for history.
9. Attend Chem. Matinee this afternoon.
10. Look up Scripture passages for prayer-meeting.
11. Report three tardy marks tomorrow.
12. Order some fruit from the grocer.
13. Pay Marie the money she lent me in town Tuesday.
14. Buy coverings for window seat in my room.
15. See about having my tennis racquet restrung.
16. Read Deuteronomy for tomorrow's Bible lesson.
17. Write a letter home and ask for some more money.
18. Buy my new Latin books.
19. Get another table cover.
20. Prepare debate for Society Sat. night.



SECTION OF THE STUDIO

Knick-Knacks

BEFORE THE SKELETON CASE.

NUMBER ONE—"Doesn't old Bonesey look ugly?

NUMBER TWO—"Oh, hush; don't talk so loud; suppose he were not really dead."

On a microscope in the laboratory—"Please do not touch H. B. Arbuckle."

MAJOR PREMISE—The students will not walk in the campus except on the brick walk.

MINOR PREMISE—The brick walk is not sufficient for all.

CONCLUSION—Therefore, we need another brick walk.

Miss S—(as the collection basket passes her)—"No, thank you."

Miss Wright—(at Nunnally's)—"I want fifty cents worth of fudges." (As the package is handed her)—"How much do I owe you?"

There once was a gloomy young lad,
Whose face was exceedingly sad,
When Bonesy he saw
He laughed, "Haw, haw, haw,
That sight would indeed make me glad."

FIRST STUDENT—"How is Bonesy like Anglo-Saxon?"

SECOND STUDENT—"Because he is just strung together.

FIRST STUDENT—"No, because he is so dry."

FRESHMAN (much perplexed)—"I found a very, *very* large book called 'A *Short* History of the English People."

GENTLEMAN (telephoning)—"Is that thirty-three-ninety-five? Who is at the 'phone? Ah, Mrs. — (taking off his hat), I am glad to see you."

JUNIOR—"I saw a man paving a street with a silk hat on."

WILLIBERT—"I never heard a man look as he did at me."

Cupid, Cupid,
Why so stupid,
Fling your bow away,
Without a doubt,
Hearts are out
Of style at this late day.

Maidens speak,
Sanskrit and Greek,
Hearts will not relent.
A lover's kiss
Would come amiss,
To those on knowledge bent.

DR. ARBUCKLE (suddenly)—"Men are awfully ugly creatures, aren't they?" Then seeing the pleased looks of the girls opposite, he adds, "and women, too, for that matter. I mean mankind in general."

Once there was a Senior who did not study after eleven at night.

She's dead.

Once there was a Junior who did not have "more work than I can possibly get through with."

She's dead, too.

STUDENT (translating Germania)—"The soldiers stretched their shields till they covered their mouths."

HARRIETT (indignant at being laughed at)—"Well, if Dickens did not write in the sixteenth century, I don't see why his books are so ancient now."

SOPHOMORE (endeavoring to prove to her friend the truth of an assertion)—"Dr. Gaines said so."

FRIEND—"Then I dare not Gain(e)say it."

Junior Class Poem

Oh, our cares are many, our troubles are great,
We're the class of naughty-naught.
Though once we stood the Freshman's fate,
Our counsel now is sought.

The Fresh. and Sophs. do reverence us,
Whene'er our caps they see,
But the Seniors are so envious
That with us they ne'er agree.

Yet we cannot say that we are glad
That the Seniors soon will go,
Though often they have made us mad
By saying, "You're so slow."

May their pleasures be many as ours have been,
And if by trials they're beset,
Of the clouds, may the silver lining be seen,
Till in triumph all else they forget.

And now, Alma Mater, we bid you good-bye,
For the few short months ahead;
We're all so devoted to A. S. I.,
That we're glad we're again here to tread.

When summer is o'er and fall is here,
Your halls again we'll tread;
With light hearts we'll enter our Senior year,
We, the class of nineteen hundred.

To the Seniors we bid a fond farewell,
Yet hope it will not be forever,
It would grieve us much if time should tell
That their hearts from us they'd sever.

We ask that they always remember us,
When their thoughts are to Agnes Scott led,
And hope they'll unite in shouting with us,
"Hurrah! Three cheers for nineteen hundred!"

Sophomore Poem

Should you ask me whence these Soph'mores,
Whence these maids with books unnumbered,
With their many brilliant ideas
And their satisfied opinion,
Of this class in all its glory,
I should answer, I should tell you—

That they left their homes so pleasant,
Filled with hopes and aspirations,
Left their sisters all their doll-rags,
Likewise thoughts of boys and nonsense
(Sopl'mores *now* would be insulted
Should you mention that fact to them,
How they *ever* thought of such things) ;

That they came in '97,
A. S. I. the prime attraction ;
Came to hear the wise professors,
And to follow their examples,
To drink in the words of wisdom,
Fill their minds with useful learning.

What states come they from, you ask me ?
I had best enumerate them,
That you'll see how widely scattered,
And how well they're represented.
Many of them hail from Georgia,
Alabama, Mississippi,
Pennsylvania, Carolina,
Arkansas, and many others.

Should you ask us what our motives,
Why we toil and weep and struggle,
Scanning Vergil, proving problems,
Writing English exercises,
I should speak again and tell you—
That we hope to reign as poets,
Authors, chemists, great musicians ;
Work in all the fields where woman
Finds her mission in the Southland ;
As a class and individuals,

Hope to be the star of nations ;
All shall hear of our achievements !
Agnes Scott, our Alma Mater,
Shall be proud of us, her daughters.
May we keep these high ambitions
Through our Junior year and Senior,
Till receiving our diplomas,
We go forth to make our fortunes ;
Through the ages may our fame ring,
May we live in song and story,
May our motto be the watch-word
That leads others on to glory.



Calendar for 1898-1899

Sept. 7, '98—School opened. A marked deficiency in the roll of old girls.

Sept. 8—Second old girl arrived. Things seemed exceedingly "fresh."

Sept. 9—Things begin to liven up with the constant arrival of old and new girls.

Sept. 10—General reception tendered new comers.

Sept. 11—New girls first attended Presbyterian church and caught a glimpse of Decatur.

Sept. 12—General work began and classes were formed.

Sept. 14—We took our regular walk out Candler street.

Sept. 16—Our faith in Dr. Arbuckle established. Mrs. Arbuckle at last appeared.

Sept. 18—General rush of the new girls to get Sunday-school quarterlies filled with engagements for church, with girls that a week later they scarcely speak to.

Sept. 19—Rosa Belle announced for the first (?) time that she was a Senior.

Sept. 21—First "box of clothes" received by homesick girl—immediately following which the sign "Please don't knock. Busy," appeared on her door.

Sept. 23—One of our number left us for the superior joys of "Home, sweet Home."

Sept. 28—Rev. Theron H. Rice, of Atlanta, led in prayer-meeting.

Sept. 30—Class of 1900 organized and officers elected.

Oct. 1—After a month's trial of Dr. Gaines' Bible Course we found that several names had been erased from his roll. We wonder why!

Oct. 3—Rev. T. H. Rice and Miss Rice took tea at the Institute.
The supper was—well, we only wish they would come oftener.

Oct. 4—Senior class organized. Officers were elected and the colors Red and White chosen.

Oct. 5—Reception at Mrs. Ansley's, attended by a few of our number.

Oct. 9—First regular Missionary meeting.

Oct. 10—Ethel made an original remark.

Oct. 12—Dr. and Mrs. Gaines left for Virginia.

Oct. 16—German in the Gymnasium.

Oct. 18—Lecture by Mr. George Wendling in Atlanta on “The Man of Gallilee.”

Oct. 19—Debate in No. 18. Resolved, “That peanut candy, potted ham and olives are conducive to health.”

Oct. 21—Faculty meeting—no mercy shown.

Oct. 22—Ruth heard the rising bell.

Oct. 24—Oratorical contest between the Georgia colleges—University of Georgia, Emory, Mercer and Dahlonega. Mercer was victorious but—long live old Georgia!!

Oct. 27—Concert at the Grand by Gertrude May Stein and Dr. Hopkinson.

Oct. 28—Opening of Polymnia Musical Club. “Folk Song Evening.”

Oct. 29—Rev. T. H. Rice lectured to both societies in Propylæan Hall.

Oct. 31—Tacky party in Gymnasium.

Nov. 1—Prof. E. E. Barnard's lecture in Atlanta on “Photographic Revelations in Astronomy.”

Nov. 3—Mr. W. H. Payne, of Nashville, lectured to normal classes.

Nov. 4—An advertisement to the needy!

“Free lunch counter.
Finest in school at Kirkpatrick's restaurant,
No. 57 Hopkins St.

Meals served at all hours. Especially good ones at 11:59 p. m.’

Nov. 6—(On tennis court.) Dr. Arbuckle requests Mary K. to stand *behind* him when she serves. Wonder why?

Nov. 7—The day Mary B. sewed all the necessary buttons on Saidee's clothes, thinking them the property of Eliza.

Nov. 9—Nellie Mandeville was embarrassed!

Nov. 11—Lecture by I. Zangwill at the Grand, entitled "The Children of the Ghetto."

Nov. 12—Several of us were delightfully entertained at Mrs. Nell Candler's in Decatur.

Nov. 14—Lola and Mary were seen together.

Nov. 16—Prof. John B. DeMotte's lecture on "The Harp of the Senses."

Nov. 17—Reports were given out. No comments necessary.

Nov. 19—Mnemosynean elected new officers.

Nov. 20—Lecture in Atlanta by Wendling.

Nov. 21—Marked the evening of Mad. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler at the Grand.

Nov. 23—Not a soul in the Infirmary!

Nov. 24—Dora wrote another piece of poetry. We don't mention the fair inspirers.

Nov. 25—Propylæans elected new officers.

Nov. 26—Thanksgiving Day.

Nov. 29—No one was late to breakfast!

Nov. 30—For a change(?) they played leap-frog on the third floor.

Dec. 2—Occurred the memorable commotion on second floor.

Dec. 3—Miss Melson was on time for breakfast.

Dec. 5—The Theatrical Club presented its first play, "Revenge is Sweet," in the chapel, with great success.

Dec. 6—Polymnia reception.

Dec. 7—Lecture: "The Victorian Age in English Literature," by Justin McCarthy, in Atlanta

Dec. 8—"Stage folks and real people." Lecture at Grand by Messrs. Thomas and Kemble.

Dec. 9—Morgan String Concert in Atlanta.

Dec. 11—Miss McKinney lost her *white sun-bonnet* en route to cottage.

Dec. 13—While in prayer-meeting the delicious odor of candy was wafted down from the second floor. As this indulgence is strictly forbidden, no further comment is necessary only “They wish they hadn’t.”

Dec. 15—Bazaar held for benefit of Alumnae Association.

Dec. 17—Mr. T. H. Rice addressed both literary societies on the subject of his trip to Europe.

Dec. 18—Debate in Mnemosynean Hall. Resolved, That the state of a married man is happier than that of a bachelor. Neg. side was victorious.

Dec. 19—First impatient girl left for home to enjoy the holidays.

Dec. 20—Art Reception, given by Miss Buck and La Bonne Heure Club. A delightful affair!

Dec. 23—Mail full of interesting packages for all. Christmas holidays began.

Dec. 24—All birds had flown except those who intended to remain. My! the interesting boxes that came!

From Dec. 23 to Jan. 2—Each girl has her own story to tell of fun and holiday mischief.

Jan. 1—New Year's Day.

Jan. 2—New School Term opened, and girls returned for work.

Jan. 3—Dr. and Mrs. Gaines stopped boarding at the Inst. and went to housekeeping as of yore.

Jan. 5—Dr. Arbuckle began his series of prayer-meeting services for the month.

Jan. 7—The following anonymous verse was handed to the Mnemosynean editor, with the promise of more, should this prove acceptable:

“The Faculty had a meeting,
The teachers all were there,
And the subject for discussion
Was how to fix their hair.”

Jan. 6—Harriett asked 9,999 questions by actual calculation from the rising bell to whistle blow.

Jan. 10—Miss Jennings left for home.

Jan. 11—Examinations began—lasting two weeks.

Jan. 12—Jeannette had her picture taken!

Jan. 14—Concert in Atlanta by Max Bendix.

Jan. 15—Ezra heard the musical sound of her alarm clock, pealing forth upon the evening air at 2:15 p. m.

Jan. 16—Prof. Saul took Miss Jennings' place and became a new star on the fourth floor (or the moon shall we call him!)

Jan. 18—Mrs. Hull was forced to leave. Her place was filled by Mrs. Neal.

Jan. 19—Senior German class entertained us with a German play—in the Chapel.

Jan. 21—No, it was not a funeral—only the regular receipt of reports!

Jan. 22—Debate in Propylæan Society: "Resolved, That territorial expansion is advantageous to the United States." Aff. vic.

Jan. 23—Spring term began and new girls arrived.

Jan. 24—Meeting of Aurora Board. See for yourself what we have accomplished.

Jan. 25—Lecture by Dr. McDonald, of Atlanta, to both societies on "The Haunts of Burns."

Jan. 26—A sudden fit of vanity seized us, and about half of our number visited Russell, the photographer.

Jan. 27.—No one missed in Sophomore French.

Jan. 28—It snowed for first time during the winter.

Jan. 29—Lecture in Atlanta by Mr. Burdette.

Jan. 30—Dr. Arbuckle succeeded in making an odorless compound in the laboratory!

Jan. 31—Another interesting "box of clothes" received.

Feb. 1—Miss Hopkins commended a girl. (Followed by general rejoicing and wonder what was coming next.)

Feb. 2—Jeannette's birthday. No one dares ask her age—we can only speculate.

Feb. 4—Aurora pictures taken.

Feb. 5—Being Sunday, the usual commotion occurred on the second floor.

Feb. 6—Sunshine after three weeks of steady rain.

Feb. 7—Mr. Saul's jokes prove themselves "*huge*" as he is himself.

Feb. 8.—Presentation in chapel by the Theatrical Club its second success, "All's Fair in Love and War."

Feb. 10—Marked the second grand reception given by the Mnemosynean and Propylaean Literary Societies.

Feb. 11—Miss Buck was kind enough to supply us all with "Please don't knock" signs, as souvenirs!!

Feb. 12—Was the coldest Sunday on record—the ground deep in snow which lasted four days.

Feb. 13—Our trip to Decatur and romp in snow.

Feb. 14—Resigned to Cupid—who ruled in great power.

Feb. 15—Rosenthal's treat at the Grand. Mr. Saul's jokes kept us from freezing on our return.

Feb. 16—Prof. Maclean "just didn't" break his neck on the ice!

Feb. 19—Had oranges for dessert on Sunday—a great treat (?)

Feb. 21—Last pictures for the Annual taken.

Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. But Col. Scott's birthday happening the same day was the cause of our holiday!

Feb. 25—Debate in the Mnemosynean Literary Society: "Resolved, That solitude is more conducive than society to mental and moral culture." Neg. won.

March 15—AURORA goes to press.

Well-known Sayings of the faculty.

"Now class, don't you see this?"—MISS YOUNG.

"Get a holt of."—DR. ARBUCKLE.

"Exactly!"—MISS HOPKINS.

"Now, my dear girls, do you think you've been quite as earnest in your work as you might have been?"—MISS ALBY.

"Yessum."—MISS MORROW.

"Now isn't that just wonderful?"—(accompanied by a broad smile)—DR. ARBUCKLE.

"Ethel, you may begin the lesson."—MISS SHEPPARD.

"Give you zero!"—MISS ALBY.

(The 8:30 bell ringing) "Great Heavens!"—PROF. SAUL.

"What is the significance of this, Miss ——?"—DR. GAINES.

"Oh, that will be all right!"—MISS BUCK.

(At close of study-hall) "Now, young ladies, you may retire to your rooms, and may you all have pleasant dreams."—MISS COOK.

"The third floor girls are requested not to throw orange peeling out of the windows—or elsewhere!"—MISS HOPKINS.

"Zo-zo!" (so-so)—MISS KLEBS.

"You see?"—MISS MELSON.

"Hum? Um hum!"—MISS MCKINNEY.

"That's what I was about to say."—MISS COOK.

"When the time comes for writing letters in study-hall it will be announced in chapel."—MISS COOK.

"Ah, good evening, young ladies; what do you hear from home?"—DR. GAINES.

(Miss McKinney suddenly appearing at library door) "Why, girls, don't you know there is to be *absolute* quiet in here? There is no excuse for this talking!"

(In study hall.) "Now girls, get quiet and get to studying."—MISS MORROW.

"Ah—Nellie—can I see you for a moment?"—MISS BUCK.

"What of it?"—MISS MCKINNEY.

"Now, girls, you ought to know that! I told you only a day or two ago!"—MISS MASSIE.



My Senior Lamp

My Senior lamp ! my Senior lamp ! that standest ever by,
With thy beam so bright and thy gleam at night, when thy wick is
turned on high,
Light not the room of every maid with all thy wondrous glow,
Thou property of Seniors, to Seniors must thou go.
The Junior doth her vigil keep at break of early morn,
Giver of light, thou evermore *my* table shalt adorn.

My table shalt adorn ! Ah yes ! My Junior days are o'er,
I could not live a day and know that thou shouldst shine no more.
They gave to me my Senior lamp, my love for it is strong,
I'd like to use it ever as I have used it long.

In after years, when looking back on life at Agnes Scott,
I'll think of thee, my Senior lamp, and of my happy lot,
That when the lights went out at ten, I straight my lamp did light,
And no one e'er forbade me then to study late at night.

On an evening cold and wintry,
On an evening dark and dreary—
'Twas the last day of the old year,
'Twas a bleak and bitter evening—
Loudly howled the dreary north wind,
Thickly fell the ghost-like snowflakes,
Slowly, sadly, as if weary,
Came the night on, dark and dreary.

As the wind howled drear and lonely
Through the dark and awful forest,
As it sighed, as if 'twas lonely,
Through the swaying, bending branches,
It would wake in me the memories,
Waken all the slumbering memories,
Bring back faces most forgotten,
Bring back days of long ago.

Silently I sat there, musing,
Never moving, scarcely breathing,
Fearing lest my slightest movement—
Fearing lest the flickering embers,
Fearing that the soft snow falling—
Would my day-dreams drive away;
Would disperse my sad, fond memories,
All the memories of the past.

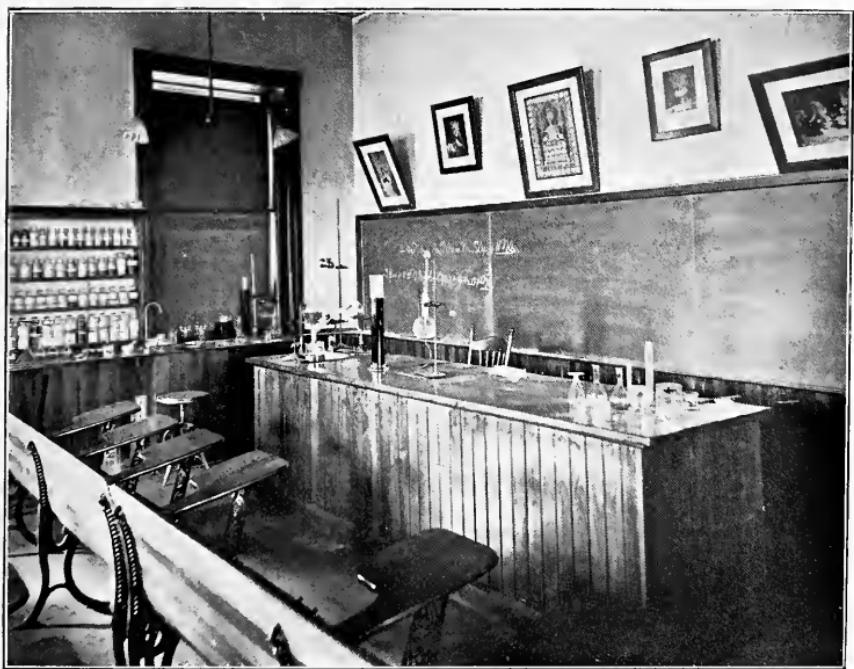
Long I sat there, thinking, thinking,
Thinking of my happy childhood,
Thinking of my lost ambitions,
Thinking of the one I once loved;
Listening to the ghost-like sobbing
Of the dreary, lonely north wind;
Watching one by one the embers
Slowly die and disappear;

Till, at last, my soul grew weary—
Till, at last, the restless, dreary
Shadows seemed to disappear,
And I longed for something higher,
And I longed for something nobler,
And I longed, and wished, and sighed,
Life seemed like the dying embers,
Or the shadows on the wall.

Was it I, and was I dreaming?
Or was everything a phantom?
Suddenly, I heard the hooting
Of an owl within the forest—
But did I really hear the hooting?
Or was I only dreaming—
Only dreaming that I heard the hooting
Of the dreary, lonely owl?

Many years are gone forever,
Passed away to come back, never,
Since that dark and dreary evening
That I sat there in the fire-light,
Since that cold and wintry evening
That I watched the dying embers,
That I listened to the howling
Of the wild and lonely north wind.

But the thoughts that then came to me
Have I kept forever with me,
I'll remember them forever,
I'll remember that dark evening,
I'll remember that drear north wind,
I'll remember too those shadows—
Those uncertain, changing shadows,
I'll remember all my sad thoughts,
All the memories of the past.



SECTION OF THE LABORATORY

Infirmary Sketches

MORNING.

The morning breeze flapped the shade against the window and turned over with a crash a bottle of ammonia that sat on the sill. Outside a solitary sparrow sat on the top of the engine house and took in the landscape. Inside all was silent until the ammonia bottle fell over. A grunt, a growl, a wild stir, and "Oh-h-h me—I haven't slept one wink!" in a half sleepy voice came from one of the beds; a naughty exclamation, an impatient kick of the covers, and a most emphatic "Chestnuts! If you say that again I'll choke you, Hilda!" from another; a decided remark that if people wanted to talk they should at least not wake every one in the room; a few more stirs and the Infirmary is awake.

"I'm hungry," remarks the girl who always is. The sleepless(?) Hilda, who by this time is wide awake, murmurs feebly, "I don't see how you can eat. I can't touch one bite," at which announcement Venetia giggles, the hungry girl looks sublimely indifferent, and the local editor of the *Mnemosynean*, who happened to be present, says as usual, "Oh, that's a local." Hilda is offended and does nothing but groan for ten minutes, during which time the hungry girl and the local editor discuss the Faculty, and the girl in the corner chimes in whenever a stray word reaches her, "It certainly is," in spite of the hungry girl's mild and gentle, "Shut up, Madeline."

"Miss Neal, say, what does you'll want fer breakfus?" It is the maid, and a gentle clamor at once arises, above all Hilda's sad voice stating that she "couldn't eat one bite." The maid listens patiently until all have ended, and going out informs the nurse that "they all wants everything, cep'n Miss Hilda, and she don't want nuthin' but some milk and toast and steak and aigs and hominy, and anything else Miss Neal would make her take, and Miss Madeline say, 'I do too.'" And Mrs. Neal orders milk and toast; two-thirds of the latter of which is eaten by the hungry girl.

Breakfast over, beds are straightened, and all is quiet until Venetia asks Sybil, who has a pain, if she has ever tried bay rum. Sybil had never tried it but would do so now. So the maid was despatched for the bottle, and in a short time the room was smelling like a down-town barber shop, Sybil writhing with internal complications, Venetia in hysterics, when Mrs. Neal comes in. The scene ends in confusion.

N OON.

Quiet again. Hilda and Sybil asleep, Venetia counting her hair, Madeline waiting for some one to say something, the hungry girl wondering if it is not nearly dinner time, and the local editor writing. Something strikes the floor and the local editor gives a smothered exclamation as her pencil point breaks. Hilda stirs and faintly remarks, "Oh, I wish I could sleep as the rest of you can," at which no one even smiles except Madeline, who says, "I do too." Entré dinner, like unto breakfast. Sleep again. Then a soft voice floats in through the door, "How is Sybil? Is she very ill? When will she be out? Are there many in there? Who? How is Rosa Belle? Can I see them? When? How long can I stay?" etc., etc., and everyone except Hilda who "hasn't been to sleep," awakes, laughs, and "Hattie is getting there," remarks Venetia, and Sybil wails faintly—the bay rum having had effect—"Harriett! Harriett!" But she stops as Mrs. Neal comes in and begs for some milk punch, to which Madeline adds, "me too."

N IGHT.

Semi-darkness. The black cloth which shades the light waves dismally. A few flies suffering from insomnia crawl up and down the electric light cord. Outside the black cat entertains a few chosen friends, and they sing duets and choruses. In the hall a group of choice spirits sing sweetly, "Gimme the old time religion," while the defenseless patients wish all sorts of things about both bands of serenaders. But gradually all becomes quiet, and as the tired eyes close for the night, a faint murmur comes through the gloom from Hilda's bed, "I can not sleep one wink." And Madeline says, "Me too."

Science Matinees

A Sophomore I saw coming
Adown the east end stairs,
From her air of great depression
I knew she'd a weight of cares.
As I did not dare to stop her,
I merely said, "Good-day."
Gazing at me she spoke sadly,
"There's a Science Matineé."

In the lab, the girls assemble,
Sadly make experiments,
Gloomily the burners handle
Gaze with awe at instruments.
There the hours pass by slowly,
Hours that have not a ray
Of comfort for the girls attending
At the Science Matineé.

Oh ! the hours they must spend there.
Oh ! the test tubes they will break,
And the trials they must suffer,
But it's all "for learning's sake."
They—while acids they are handling—
Wonder sadly, "Will it pay
To spend our time in such performance
At the Science Matineé."

"Matineés," I pondered gravely,
"They are trials to us all,
But attending on them, never
Shall we from the pass mark fall.
Matineé's we've had full often
And we'll have them yet again.
This one maxim we have learned well,
"Matineé" means only "pain."

To My Ponies

In the morning—at the noontide ;
In the calm and silent eve,
You have been my dear companions,
All my weakness to relieve.

In the summer you have waited,
As if list'ning for my call,
In the winter been my strong-hold ;
In the spring—my all in all.

In my "Fresh," days you upheld me ;
Kept me safe from many a slip,
While a Soph. and yet a Junior,
And in Senior—now my "dip."

In adve. sity and trial,
When all else proved aught but true,
Only one kind word from you, dear,
Served once more to pull me through.

And as now with labors ended
I receive my "dip." complete
I would humbly bow and lay it
At my dear old Pony's feet.

Hits

DOCTOR G. (in Bible Class) — “How many Gospels are there, Miss M.?”

MISS M. — “Two; one in the Old Testament and one in the New.”

PROF. A. — “Miss B., how do molecules differ?”

MISS B. — “In the arrangement of their atoms.”

PROF. A. — “Any other way?”

MISS B. (hesitatingly) — “Oh, yes; in their position.”

FIRST SOPH. — “Miss M. says we are to get Milton’s Paradise Lost by Monday.”

SECOND SOPH. — “Was that written by Alexander Dumas?”

MISS M. — “Was the temperature in northern Britain the same in Cæsar’s time that it is now?”

FRESH STUDENT — “I don’t remember that far back; I only entered last term.”

PROF. A. — “Suppose water is at four degrees C., and then the temperature is lowered, what takes place?”

STUDENT — “It gets colder.”

MISS L. (for the fifth time in ten minutes) — “Mr. Gilmore, has the telephone been put in order yet?”

MR. GILMORE (irritably) — “I wish you would put a notice on the bulletin board that this telephone is for ornament only.”

MISS M. — “Give me an example of a synonym.”

M. B. (just from the laboratory) — “The rankest compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril — H_2S .”

MISS A. (in Normal class) — “Miss J., suppose you were asked to accept a position as teacher, what would be the *very* first thing you would do?”

MISS J. — “I would ask what the salary was.”

ADMIRING FRESHMAN (gushingly)—“But you do not properly appreciate yourself.”

HER ADORED — “'Twas for my accommodation Nature rose when I was born; should I die the whole creation back to nothing would return.”

PROFESSOR — “What is the composition of sawdust ? ”

STUDENT — “Shingles, I suppose.”

MISS Y. — “Mary, at what point of the sphere is A. ? ”

MARY — “On the northwest point of the southeast corner.”

MISS S. (in Moral) — Miss W., what is the condition of giving? ”

MISS W. (promptly) — “Having.”

SMALL Boy (to porter) — “Is this where Miss Agnes Scott lives ? ”

DOCTOR GAINES (in Bible) — “Miss Jean, what is original sin? ”

JEAN — “Original sin is what makes you do wrong before you are old enough to know why you do it.”

INSTRUCTOR — “Why did Tacitus write so highly of Agricola? ”

STUDENT — “I suppose he thought he'd better, because Agricola was his father-in-law.”

FRESHMAN (at the post-office) — “I wish to buy some postal cards, but have no money with me. I suppose you will take stamps instead.”

CONGRATULATING FRIEND — “I suppose you have very little work to do now that you are a Senior.”

SENIOR (sotto voce) — “Wonder if that woman *ever* was a Senior”.

CONDUCTOR (on Consolidated line) — “Fare, please.”

INNOCENT SCHOOL GIRL — “How much is it ? ”

PHOTOGRAPHER (taking a group) — “All ready ! — Right. That's all.”

Miss H. (with a gasp) — “Oh, you didn't wait for me to look pretty.”

STUDENT (excited by exam.)—“*Please tell me the number of centimeters in a gramme.*

HE—“May I have a rose?”

SHE (dressed in red)—“Yes, this white one.”

HE—“I prefer the American beauty.”

MEMBER OF THE FACULTY—“I looked for that girl for ten days of last week and never could find her.”

ZOOLOGY STUDENT—“Why, girls, when I was trying to catch that grasshopper, the creature jumped and jumped until it actually jumped off its legs.”



The Lay of the Black Cat

Kind friends and teachers, now to you
A tale of woe I'll tell,
And if you've e'er been sick before,
'Twill surely make you well.

There used to dwell a cat so black
Out in the engine house,
It sat all day behind the door,
But never caught a mouse.

At night when Luna's gentle rays
Did make it light as day—
That cat, which never idle was,
Did condescend to play.

O then it was he sang a song ;
His voice with pathos ringing,
But if you had not loved him well,
You ne'er would call it singing.

Now in a south-side room there dwelt
A certain brave young maid,
Who would have cast down stones at him,
Had she not been afraid.

But when one night he sweetly sang,
She cruelly did throw
At him a bottle black—of ink,
Which downward fell—like snow

The next day's dawn did find him dead
As any iron nail,
For had he lived, then I could not
Have written this sad tale.

With tears, all viewed his lifeless form,
And murmured, " 'Twas a sin,"
For he no noise did ever make
Save when he raised a din.

From this the third floor girls may draw
A moral, true and clear,
That they should never, never sing,
Unless they nothing fear.

Our Walks.

YOU know that among the many things that men are said to admire in woman, are those of a beautiful complexion and a fine and healthy figure. It is also a known fact that exercise is one of the best means of obtaining these happy results. Whether the faculty here are training us up especially to become pleasing to the eyes of the other sex, we dare not presume to know, but we are certainly forcibly convinced that they approve of exercise as a means of promoting good health. You may wonder what various kinds of exercise we have. We live in a "dry town," so there is no chance of a fine row in summer, or a merry skate in winter. There is one livery stable here where they keep for our especial benefit, *one* saddle horse—a little the worse for wear—"but what is one among so many?" Thus being deprived of such sports as these, we are forced to hire in our service the two trusty steeds called "shanks," and it is on these fiery animals that we travel the country o'er.

First of all our delightful walks are those found on our own campus, and chiefest of these is the brick walk. This, from its popularity, might lead you to think of a winding path, losing itself here and there among the cool shade of mossy bowers. But not so, fair reader. Were its position inverted and were it placed on end, it would assume no other form than the perpendicular. But this is, for all its unromantic appearance, one of our favorite haunts. Especially is this true of Sundays, immediately after church, when the Atlanta people wait on the corner for the one o'clock car. Then for some reason the sun does not seem to hinder enjoyment in the least, but only adds heat to the enthusiastic promenaders. But especially do we love this walk in the summer, when, about the time of the five o'clock car, the girls begin to pour forth from the building allbent upon exercise(?) and enjoyment. Certainly any one who has seen our girls at the time mentioned will never forget the pretty sight of the gala group, all dressed in white or other dainty summer toilettes. Yes, this

walk does lead to the front gate and quite near the corner, but these are minor considerations when compared with the opportunity that it gives for a long nice walk, which must of necessity be beneficial. There are other walks on the campus, and these are truly delightful, winding gracefully all around the grounds, crossing the drives, and somehow usually pleasantly terminating at the summer house, which the climbing Lady Bankshire roses make a perfect bower of beauty.

But a well trodden path that must not be omitted is the one leading to the cottage. This is in truth the one most frequently taken by the teachers, as it is at the cottage that several of them live. But it can hardly truthfully be said it is *most* frequented by the teachers, for at all times of day one can see girls going to and fro between here and there, bent on errands of various kinds.

But from these one would think that our walks consisted of only two, but nothing could be more untrue or misleading. We walk outside of the yard three times a week, and the first day the new girls are always taken out Candler street, the Fifth avenue of Decatur. By the end of the first month they have become so familiar with it that they can name the houses in order; by the end of the second, they can correctly place every child they meet, black or white; and by the end of the third, they can mark with accuracy every new bud on the trees, and are quick to spy a new shingle on a leaky roof, or a broken gate repaired. Truly, the affection of the teachers for this street is simply marvelous. It seems that there is within each one of their hearts such a yearning for its sandy strands that successively as each one assumes duty our faces are turned in that direction, and the delightful walk is begun. One of its most attractive features, however, is the "short cut," that is a street one block long, by which means we are enabled to come in at the back gate, and thus cut off two blocks of the assigned walk.

But next to this comes the walk out to the Orphans' Home—a walk whose cheery(?) terminus repays one for the effort of traveling the mile to reach it. Especially is this walk delightful, immediately after a rain, for such a thing as *mud* was never heard of in that neighborhood. Sometimes, however, we go only as far as the tabernacle and return by the railroad track if we are *perfectly sure* the train has passed.

Oh, but the favorite walk to the store must not be forgotten.

This is one which truly fills the girls' hearts with delight, as by the merry handling of paper bags our homeward trips are always made entertaining and extremely pleasant. Sometimes on our return we follow the electric car track and return by the jail, but as there is seldom anyone confined there we have become quite brave, and really pass it with little fear.

Decatur is a very intellectual little place, and not only boasts of our fine school, and justly, but also of a school for boys. Any girl's heart that has leapt up at this announcement—please remain undisturbed a moment longer, for though the Donald Frasier is indeed a fine school, yet it believes in the same motto that our Faculty insists upon—"No men allowed," so that there are only boys—real young boys—to be seen at all, and these are rarely visible to us as we pass. Situated as this school is, clear on the other side of town, it makes us a very pleasant walk, leading through town, by the new stone courthouse and then on, out into the lovely woods beyond.

Sometimes we visit the old cemetery, but that is so far that we seldom go there, even though the old war monuments are quite interesting. No—we are not afraid of spooks or ghosts—the reason given is the correct one.

A familiar sight to the Decaturites is that of our departure from the back gate, while we take a due south direction and follow the electric car track down to Juanita station, then leave it abruptly and take a stroll over the violet-covered hills to the left or the woods at the right, returning in one case by Candler street, or in the other by the big road leading west.

But a sketch of our walks would not be complete without the one out directly west, which we often take in summer, late in the afternoon, while the sunset tints make the sky a beautiful study. It leads out in a straight line through the country—a good road to Atlanta—but we usually branch off the main road a short distance from the Institute and have a fine ramble in the woods. During violet time this is a favorite tramp.

Now, the only chief walk that has been omitted, I think, is the one to the "tank." Long ago there used to be a dummy line between Atlanta and Decatur, and this "Decatur tank" was one of the supply stations. There it stands yet, bright and red, a relic of by-gone days, while running on the old dummy track, the electric cars now shoot disdainfully by, ignoring its former services.

It is on this walk that persimmons grow, and at certain times of year it is in great demand.

This is of course, but a brief sketch of some of our most familiar promenades. There are others equally pleasant, or otherwise, that need not be referred to, and surely those who have been here a year will remember that on our daily walks have occurred some of our funniest and pleasantest experiences of school life. We know that no one is to blame for this scarcity of pleasant walks, and that it is only our frequent traveling over them that has made them monotonous. But who did not hail with delight the announcement that if the girls played tennis in the afternoon they would be exempt from walking.



After Mother Goose

There was a young student went up on a "jack,"

"Ninety times high as the moon,

A voice there came floating adown her light track,
Which said she'd be back again soon.

"Young student, young student, young student," quoth I,

"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"

"To write Jackie's name upon the blue sky."

"Did he do you much good?" "Yes, indeed?" was her cry.

Jinglety, jangley ! in the gym,
The girls play two steps with a vim,
Faculty say every day
They wish that gym. was far away.

Silly Freshman met a Senior
Starting out to walk,
Said silly Freshman to the Senior,
"Stop a while and talk."

Senior looked at silly Freshman,
Froze her with a stare ;
Then tossed her head and walked away,
With high and haughty air.

That night for Freshman came a box,
From home—a "spread" was sent—
Senior thought about the snub,
And did that act repent.

Freshman never gave the Senior
Into her box a peep,
Senior had sown of snubs a crop
And did the harvest reap.

There was a young student named Kate,
Who came down to meals very late,
When they asked how she fared,
She said, "I'm prepared
To eat what is sent me by fate."

Hickery, dickery, split,
The snow hasn't melted a bit,
The school girls run,
To have some fun,
Hickery, dickery, split.

As I was going down Candler street,
Candler street was dusty,
And there I met a pretty maid
With a stock of books all musty.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
I asked, in accents kind.
"I'm going, sir, to Agnes Scott,
To cultivate my mind."



“Revenge is Sweet”

Play Given by the Dramatic Club December 5th

Playwright—MISS LENA CRAIG.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Narcissus—(a maiden, “pure and innocent as a lily”)	MARIE GRESS
Prince Honcourt—(Narcissus’ lover)	LENA CRAIG
Lady Claire—(who also loves the Prince, and who thinks “Revenge is Sweet”)	EDNA MAY
Duke of the Netherlands,	MARY DANNER
Lady Dorothy,	RUTH BARRY
Narcissus’ Mother—(who knows everything),	MARY COOK

ACT I, SCENE I.—Narcissus’ Home.

SCENE II.—Lady Claire’s Boudoir.

ACT II. SCENE I.—Lady Claire’s Boudoir.

SCENE II.—The Dungeon.

SCENE III.—Grand Tableau.



“*All’s fair in Love and War*”

Given by the Dramatic Club, February 5th.

CAST.

Richard Barrington—(A poor artist in love with Princess Delores,)	LENA CRAIG
Dorothy—(Richard’s sister),	MARIE GRESS
Prince Arling—(Brother of Princess Delores),	MARY DANNER
Princess Delores—(In love with the artist),	VENETIA DANNER
Lady Ian—(Guardian of Princess Delores),	EDNA MAY
Earl of Duncourt—(Supposed to be in love with the Princess, but in reality loving Lady Ian),	MARY COOK
Page and Guard,	{ DORA ANDERSON KATHLEEN COX

ACT I. Artist’s Apartments.

ACT II. SCENE I.—Princess Delores’ Apartments.

SCENE II.—Princess Delores’ Boudoir.

ACT III. Prison cell (in Castle).

ACT IV. Grand Tableau.

Band of Improvers

THE Society for the Cultivation of Repose of Manner was holding its regular weekly meeting. The demeanor of each member was most correct, and the very surroundings were irreproachable. Two members had been lost since the last meeting, for one had been expelled for smoothing her hair in public and the other for settling her tie. Another member was suspended for a short time for falling down two flights of stairs and saying: "Oh, dear!" when she finally reached the landing. After waiting a proper period of time, during which she conversed in gentle tones with her right supporter, the presiding officer gracefully touched the silver call-bell and in a carefully modulated voice said, "The society will please come to order. At roll-call (with a bow to the secretary) each member will respond with a suitable quotation." The secretary at once proceeded to call the roll, her voice being marked by perfect inflections. The responses were in the main satisfactory, most of them bearing on the desirability of repose of manner. Half way down the list, however, one member entirely without a sense of shame, when her name was called, gave a cheerful giggle and responded:

" We now are seven;
We once were 'leven,
But four are dead
And gone to heaven,
So we are seven."

At this gross insult to the dignity of the Society, it seemed as if the decorum of the members would be lost. The presiding officer leaned forward with a flush upon her usually pale cheek, but with an effort assumed her wonted composure, and in a calm voice remarked: "Motions for the expulsion of this offending member are now in order." Each member, with true courtesy, waited for another to speak, and it was finally determined by reference to the records of the last meeting who should make the motion and who second it. "I move the offending member be expelled." "I second

the motion." And without a word the offending member to the Society and left the room.

The Society proceeded to business. A committee was appointed to wait upon a Senior who had been seen running down the brick walk, and tell her that if the offense was repeated she would be deemed unfit for association with the members of the Society for the Cultivation of Repose of Manner. It was decided that a Junior should be excluded forever from good society because she had been so hoplessly common and vulgar as to tap the skeleton in the laboratory familiarly upon the shoulder and exclaim, "Hello, Bonesy." A member of the Faculty was to be reprimanded for dismissing a class unexpectedly, and the matron reproved for serving soup on fish day. At this point the Seniors were heard singing in the distance, "For you must be a lover of the Lord," and as this was specially distasteful to the members of the S. C. R. M., it adjourned as soon as possible, each member bearing a Latin lexicon upon her head in order to attain the proper erect carriage.

The lot of man is hard for thought
And thinking here below,
For when I once sit down to think,
The thoughts begin to go.

It's good to have power and might,
It's good to be honest and right,
It's good to support the Institute's cause,
And bide by the purple and white.



A Dream

THE month was August and it was hot. And behold I slept and dreamed a dream. In it I sat as of yore in mine room and soon came two disputing together—the one tall and slender, the other inclined to rotundity. And behold in my dream, I heard the one whom men call Rabbi, say, "Pay the dues which thou owest, for they are long since due." But the other said, "That I can not do—some one stole all my money." Then I awoke, and behold, it was a dream.

But I slept again, and then heard I in loud accents and shrill: "Olga-Olga-Olga-Olga-Olga—!" And the call did bring tears to mine eyes as I thought of the many times it had come between me and my Trig. But behold I dreamed yet again, and as I sat in the Laboratory, there floated thro' the thin wall these words: "Give you zero." And again I wept. Then I arose, and behold in my dream as I went down the hall, one pursued me with wild questioning and another bade me "come to her room at once," and still another did flourish over my head a bell, when—lo I awoke and it was a dream, and outside my door the rising bell was ringing.

END.

Dainty Little freshman

Dainty Freshman gaily tripping
Down the stairs.
Smiling broadly, naught conflicting,
Free from cares.
To exams, she has come
Dainty Freshman, gaily tripping
Down the stairs.

Weeping Freshman slowly climbing
Up the stairs,
"Failed completely," she is sighing
Full of cares.
A Sub-fresh, she must be,
Weeping Freshman slowly climbing
Up the stairs.

Old Rose and the Gray

I've wandered to Agnes Scott, girls,
That used to charm us so:
I saw no faces that we loved
So many years ago.
The teacher's smiles are just the same
As they were in our day
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.

The same old desk is in its place
Where Jeannette cut her name;
The bell and clock with equal pace
As used are there the same.
The girls were walking in the hall
As we did in our day
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.

I saw the same old skeleton
That Hilda loved so dear,
Where Ethel made the laughing gas
That caused our Jean a tear.
The room is scarred and marred, dear girls,
Much more than in our day
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.

I entered there the chapel, too,
As we did in our day,
The services were just the same
In our familiar way.
Tho' all are gone that we loved then
I found hearts true today
As those when we were wearing caps
Of old rose and the gray.

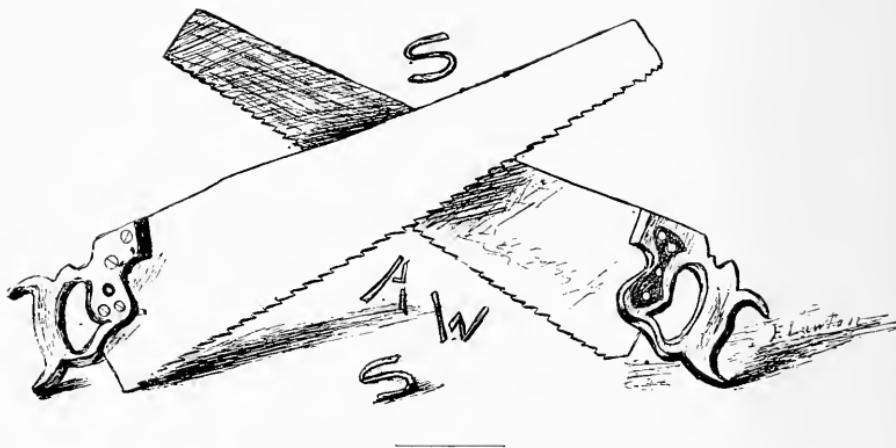
I marked the chair of Mary Lu,
Close by where Mary Payne
With Mary Barker used to sit—
I see them now again.
These names are sacred to me, girls,
My comrades in that day,
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.

I thought of Jeannette, Hilda, Jean,
Of Mattie Cobb, so gay,
Of Ev'lyn and dear Margie Booth,
And all my friends that May.
They hold a place as tender now
As they did in that day
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray

Our President's house rears its walls
Across the narrow street,
And further down along the hill
I saw the cottage neat.
I bared my head—they rest in peace—
Who lived there in that day,
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.

Yes, girls, it gave me joy to stand
Where we together stood;
Although our class is broken up,
Our friendship's just as good.
Of all my joys that thought is best
Of pleasures in that day
When we were wearing caps, dear girls,
Of old rose and the gray.





To him that hath not a written excuse, the same shall not be granted.

She that looks not well to daily recitations shall verily dread examination week.

AT AURORA BOARD MEETING.

MARY — “Well, I don’t know who will run the AURORA next year !”

NELL — “Why, Mary, don’t cast insinuations against the Junior class.”

MARY — “Well, *I* shall not be here.”

IN HARMONY CLASS.

FIRST STUDENT — “Have you written these triads ?”

SECOND STUDENT (with an alarming increase of brightness) — “Well, I’ve *triad* to.”

ENQUIRER — “Do you have to study at night ?”

MISS HURT — “The other students do, but I don’t find it necessary.”

HARRIETT (puzzled) — “Please tell me how Venus de Medici’s arms were broken off.”

UNSOPHISTICATED SOPH — “What does Dr. Gaines mean by so often cutting us short in Bible by saying, ‘We’ll come to that later?’”

EXPERIENCED JUNIOR — “He means that he sees very plainly your desire to draw him into a lengthy discussion to take up time, and he takes that way of showing you.”

DR. GAINES (in Sophomore Bible) — “When we speak of the fall of Adam and Eve we use the word *fall* in a figurative sense. Give another illustration of the word used in that sense.”

MARIE (confidently) — “We speak of the fall of the year, Doctor Gaines.”

AT SCIENCE MATINEE.

“Doctor Arbuckle, how long does it take to kill a mouse with carbon-di-oxide?”

PROF. A. — “Well it takes about half an hour to kill him dead.”



At Random

“**W**HAT is it?” queried the bright girl, as she leaned against the wardrobe in the hall, and grinned at the Freshman who was preparing to steal a sign. “What is it at A. S. I. that can be used to beautify to (en) lighten, to cook, as an ornament, to sadden, to gladden, to break rules, to—” “Say no more,” sighed the weary Senior, as she came out of her room, “‘Tis my lamp.” “‘Tis even so,” chuckled the Freshman.

THE FRESHMAN.

The Freshman and the “Special” composed a song. They went from room to room and sang. But all paid the Freshman to remove her comrade from the room as soon as possible. The two did buy peanut candy from Bate’s with the grain and did eat the same.

Moral.—If you can’t sing, make the best of your voice, and you, too, may eat peanut candy.

The Senior had two chums who were giddy Sophs., and this fact was known to the Faculty. One sad day the three friends were called before the aforementioned body to answer for some misdeeds. “But,” urged the Senior, “I am innocent. Why do you thus treat me?” “Alas,” answered Miss H., “that is your misfortune. When you are with the evil-doers then all suppose that you also do likewise.” And so the Senior must get 66 on deportment on her next report.

MORAL.—Avoid evil companions, especially the Sophs—if you are a Senior.

Three girls received boxes, one quite small, the other two large and suggestive. A fourth girl was invited to the first, but

she refused, fearing that bids for the others would come during her absence. But they came not—the contents were but clothes—and when she went to the first, all was gone, so that she had nothing.

MORAL.—(1.) A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. (2.) Big boxes nearly always contain clothes. (3.) Boxes don't last long at A. S. I., and promptness is inculcated.

“L O S T !!!”

Do you ask what it is, my reader? Does a feeling of pity come over you as you think, perhaps, of some mother mourning for her child, who has wandered away, or for some fair girl weeping her eyes away because “Fido is lost?” Or do you think of more practical matters and wonder if some man has dropped his purse, or some shopper left her's on the counter?

If you do you are a stranger, for every one at A. S. I. knows it is R. B.'s Trig. or the Rabbi's Bible that is Lost !!!

She walks into her room on Friday afternoon and begins to count. “One, two, three, four,—eight, nine, ten,” and on and on until your head begins to swim. Is this some demented one who has been driven crazy by the HIGHER “Math.” and LOWER marks at A. S. I.? Oh, no, it is only Ezra counting her little brass picture frames, to see that none have been stolen while she swept.



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Pompadours taken alone or on the head.

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I have on hand a handsome collection of red waists—both silk and woolen, all shades and sizes, which I am about to close out at very low rates in order to make room for new stock.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE!

Come and see them. ONLY CASH taken. Costumers will please remember this and not bring produce, etc. Yours sincerely,

"Cheap Charlie" — V. R.

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Sale June 1st, 1899, in Music Room.
PROFESSOR MACLEAN.

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Books!!!

All kinds and conditions. Orders sent in October filled by May. PROMPT SERVICE. Also a varied stock of writing paper, ink, pens and pencils. See our new purple paper.

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Open from 8:10 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

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"Lanoline," "Almond Cream,"
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After the Examinations —

FOR SALE!

A beautiful copy of Wentworth's Trigonometry, with original notes and drawings by the present owner; also, the answers corrected, which greatly raises the value. Compass, paper, figures and ruler given with it. Problems worked out, 50c. extra. An invaluable work—every Junior should have one. Apply A. I. Y., Agent.

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The following reached us just before going to press:

EDITOR OF AURORA:—

Will you please insert this in your ad. column.

I have lost the bucket in which I make chocolate candy, and would like very much to recover the same.

When last seen it was on a trunk in the third floor hall.

Any information will be gladly received.
"L.," care AURORA.

The Geometry Class

Comedy in Three Acts

The comedy incomparable. The acting superb. Miss Arnold excels in her elucidation of propositions.—*New York World*.

The large audiences continue. Every presentation of the comedy received with loud bursts of applause. Miss Kirkpatrick's fixed attention and Miss Bucher's demonstrations of originals, simply unsurpassed.—*Washington Post*.

Cyrano de Bergerac completely in the shade. The new comedy "The Geometry Class" taking the Parisian world by storm.—*Le Monde, Paris*.

A brief synopsis of this comedy is given below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

High Muck a Muck,	MISS YOUNG
Grand Maker of Originals,	MARY BUCHER
Assistant Muck a Muck,	MATTIE COBB HOWARD
Grand Elucidator of Propositions,	ADDIE ARNOLD
Original Devotee,	JEAN RAMSPECK
Grand Drawer of Artistic,	MARGARET BOOTH
Non-Worker of Anything,	MARY KIRKPATRICK
Grand Engineer,	GENIE THORNTON
Grand Copyist,	MOLLIE COHEN

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Nine o'clock Monday morning. Room No. 27. First floor. Mary K. right plan, by the window, front seat. Mattie Cobb and Margie, middle plan, front seat. Jean and Mary B. left plan, front seat by the door. Mollie and Genie, seat immediately behind. Miss Young enters hurriedly, closes the door and takes her seat).

MISS YOUNG—Well, girls, we have nothing but originals today?

GIRLS, (in chorus with a mighty sigh)—No-m-m-m; that's all.

MISS YOUNG—Close book, class. How many worked them all?
(All hang their heads, not a motion is made). Well, (very woe-be-gone) Mollie, how many did you work?

MOLLIE, (with a most distressed look)—Miss Young, I tried all of them but I couldn't get but one.

Miss Young, (sighing)—Which one, Mollie?

MOLLIE—The 342nd, that was the only one I could work.

MISS YOUNG—Genie, how many?

GENIE, (looking a little conscious)—The same one, 342nd.

MISS YOUNG—Mary B., did you get them today?

MARY B., (straightforwardly)—Miss Young, I just worked terribly hard, but (lowers her eyes) I couldn't get a single one today. I got them, but I just know they are not right.

MISS YOUNG—Jean, how many did you get?

JEAN, (disconsolately)—Only two today.

MATTIE COBB AND MARGIE, (in chorus)—I couldn't get but two either.

MARGIE, (in a beseeching tone)—Miss Anna, you know this lesson is just terribly hard for today.

MATTIE COBB—Oh, I worked for about four hours, and so had to get up this morning at five o'clock to write my monthly composition.

MISS YOUNG—Mary K., did you get any?

MARY K., (drawing it out)—Ah-a-a, h, ah-h-h, I-I-don't-t know, M-i-s-s Y-o-u-n-g.

MISS YOUNG, (disconsolately)—Why, Mary, it seems to me if you once worked an original, you would never forget it. Can't you tell me how many you worked?

MARY K., (grabs a geometry; looks down the list of originals; picks out an easy one)—I-I b-believe I can do the 342nd.

MISS YOUNG—My, my, girls! this is the most discouraging report I have ever had. Well, let me explain the first one. It is the only really difficult one; as for the others it does seem to me you could have gotten them.

SCENE II.

Miss Young at the board, explains the proposition, Mary K. scribbles on paper, while the other girls pay attention.

MISS YOUNG—Now, class, don't you see that the $1' A = 1' \bar{A}$?
(Looking at Mary K.) Pay attention, class. Class, please pay attention.

tion ! And the line P O being \perp to the intersection of the lines O B, and O C, is \perp to the plane of the lines. Do you see that, class ? All who see that hold up their hands. (Giving Mary K. and her scribbling a side glance.) Quote the proposition, Mary.

MARY K. (suddenly waking up)—Ma'am-m-m ! What did you say, Miss Young ?

MISS YOUNG (patiently)—Mary, I want you to tell me why P O is \perp to the plane M N. (Waits, pointer in hand.) Margie and Mattie Cobb, please don't talk !

MARY K., (looking fixedly at board)—Eh-h-h, why is P O \perp to the plane M N ?

MISS YOUNG—Pay attention, class ; this is for the rest of you as well as for Mary. Now, Mary, quote the proposition.

MARY K. (coldly)—I don't believe I know, Miss Young. (Commences at once to draw and scribble.)

MISS YOUNG (discouraged)—Genie, quote the proposition. (Genie quotes proposition.)

SCENE III.

The door flies open ; Addie enters with great gusto.

MISS YOUNG (startled)—Why, Addie, what's the matter? Why are you so late? You've missed this whole explanation.

ADDIE (making a tremendous noise by pulling down the desk seat)—I don't know, Miss Young. I couldn't get here any sooner.

MISS YOUNG—Did you get this one, Addie?

ADDIE (after looking carefully through twenty pages of scratch pad and keeping Miss Young and the class waiting fully five minutes)—No'm, I don't think I did. I worked at it though.

MISS YOUNG—How many did you work, Addie?

ADDIE (confused)—Well, eh-h, ah, Miss Anna, I worked all of them, but I don't think I got any right.

MISS YOUNG (heaving a sigh)—Well, pay attention now and I will go over this explanation again. Pay attention, class—(goes through the whole proposition)

ADDIE (who is of a very inquiring mind, chewing her pencil)—Miss Anna, I don't see why the $1' A = 1' A'$.

MISS YOUNG—Margie, you and Mattie Cobb must stop talking and pay attention to the board. Class, why is the $1' A = 1' A'$? (All scream the proposition, each one trying to make her voice heard above the others.)

MISS YOUNG—Now, Addie, do you understand?

MARY K., (thinking it time for her to say something)—I don't, eh-eh, I don't understand that one bit, Miss Young; would you mind going over it again? (The girls sink back in despair in their seats, at the prospect of a fourth demonstration, while Miss Young goes over each point carefully.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

MISS YOUNG—Now, class, go to the boards. (Assigns each one a proposition.)

(*The girls work at the boards.*)

MARGIE (laboring under difficulties)—Miss Young, I can't, to save my life, make the twenty sides of this icosahedron show in my figure.

MARY B.—My frustum is a thing of beauty.

MISS YOUNG—Mary K., why are you rubbing your figure out again? It was all right. Jean, your prism is beautifully drawn.

MOLLIE—Miss Young, is my figure right?

MARGIE (looking blankly at the board)—Miss Anna, please tell me what to do first. I haven't the least idea how to begin.

MATTIE COBB—I can't make head nor tail of my dodecahedron.

MARY K. (after having erased six successive figures, and having spent twenty minutes naming the last one with fancy letters)—I don't believe I can do that one, Miss Young.

MISS YOUNG—Why, Mary, that was the one you said you could do.

ADDIE (mournfully)—I can't do mine, Miss Young.

MISS YOUNG—Well, Addie, you and Mary come to the board; let me see if I can help you.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MISS YOUNG—Now pay attention, class. Genie, we will have your proposition first.

(*Genie explains her proposition.*)

MISS YOUNG—Genie, are you sure you see those pentahedral angles? Addie, do you?

ADDIE, (chewing her pencil)—No'm—m, Miss Anna, I don't understand that proposition at all.

MISS YOUNG—Genie, go through the demonstration again.

MARY K., (when Genie is ready to say *Q.E.D.*)—Miss Young, please let her say that over, I wasn't paying attention.

MISS YOUNG—Mary B., you explain it.

MARY B., (After struggling with it a while)—I don't believe I understand it either.

MISS YOUNG (gets up and takes some card board)—Now let me see if I can make it plain. Two consecutive faces of the one unite with three—(the bell sounds). (Horrified)—Girls, is that the last bell? And we have gotten over only one proposition. Class, this is a most discouraging lesson—the worst you have ever given me. Take the same lesson for tomorrow—and, girls, work hard on it.

SCENE II.

The Trig. girls file in. The geometry girls, with sad countenances, silently walk out in the hall.

MARY B. (behind the scenes)—Wasn't that lesson a-w-f-u-l?

MARGIE—H-o-r-r-i-b-l-e!





VIEW OF DECATUR LOOKING NORTH FROM THE TOWER

Senior french

Oft had I heard of Senior French,
Of Macmillan's *French Grammaire*
And found, while sitting on the bench
The difficulties there.

No equal had this class in school,
The exams were noted far ;
And each girl thought herself a fool,
For verbs were on a par.

L'Amare, Le Misanthrope, Le Cid,
Were studied each in turn,
Until some brains we'd sadly need,
To help us all to learn.

Esther and *Cyrano* also
And *Mon Oncle* parallel ;
But those exams seem long ago
When on the verbs we fell.

In the class were seven maidens,
And this number few
With their *dictionaire* laden
Would move from one to two.

The roll was called, and then we freaks
Would read, of course, *en français*,
And as the French each badly speaks,
Miss Massie then would say :

" Girls, *g* is hard before *u* or *o*,
The cedilla makes *c* soft ;
You pronounce *effuçant* so
This you must practice oft."

La Littératuré is so deep,
Poor Juniors, we pity you,
When in this class next year you'll peep
And hear, *assayez-vous*.

Adieu, thou honored Alma Mater,
Nestling here in old Decatur,
We leave thee !
While we in distant lands must roam ;
May others find in thee a home
Of true felicity.

Valedictory

A world of words have had "their say"—
A million poems, old and new—
About the boys who wore the gray,
The boys who wore the blue.

But Time, the grim old satirist,
Has all their props kicked clean away;
For Yank and Reb—now on his list—
Unless they dye—wear gray.

TURN BACK:



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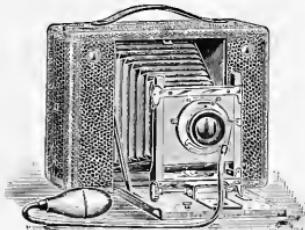
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